Nadia McClintock

MRS. H. H. McCLINTOCK - 903 JOHNSTONE AVENUE - BARTLESVILLE - OKLAHOMA

March 14, 1935.

My dear Mrs. Spear:-

The enclosed announcement will explain itself - I thought you would like to know that we are planning to use your book - I've ordered fifteen copies from Women's Press - When I began to read Jesus, Teach Me to Pray -

We certainly enjoyed the fine National Leaders visit to our two Conferences last month!

I found it so simple & so convincing - that I passed it on to my pastor, Rev. Sheridan - & he thought it so fine - And since I am Chairman of Worship in the Church - I called a meeting & presented the matter - and the result is there for meetings in our home. Mr Sheridan has talks upon Prayer & Work & Play — My Barbara - upon Prayer & Thought & Love - then Mr. Sheridan Prayer & Meditation - & Prayer & we hope to know by that time what

Plans of a meeting the forests one will be. Hymn twice by each time a prayer by the leader - a hymn or song in keeping with the theme - and time for discussion with prayers at the close.

Today it was 71° — the forsythia is gorgeous — the Cardinals & Robins are giving us an early morning chorus at big each morning. I expect the purple martins to arrive any time — their house has been cleaned & is ready for them. I always long for them. What if it has been two years. I only see one. Sincerely

Mrs Bonham & Edward came to us in March.

The worship Committee has planned a series of four meetings to study and discuss a very interesting book, "Lord Teach Us to Pray", by Mrs. Robert E. Speer. These meetings will be held xxx in the H.H. McClintock home, 903 Johnstone Avenue, beginning Thursday evening March 21st at seven-thirty ~~xx~~ o'clock and will be held each Thursday evening for four weeks. The meetings will last an hour. Mr. Sheridan will begin the series talking upon "Prayer and Work". These meetings are arranged as an attempt on the part of the worship committee to understand the devotional life of our Christian faith. The meetings are open to anyone who desires to come.

My dear Mrs. Speer,

We are nearer Our Master at Gramercy this morning because you were with us last night. We cannot adequately express our appreciation but we do thank you most sincerely.

I hope your little girl is much better this

morning and that she will soon be quite well again.

And I thank you most especially for offering me the privilege of seeing you again some time this spring. There is one special thing I would like to talk about with you and I'll call by phone to arrange a time with you, if I may.

Again my thanks to you, together with those of all who were privileged to feel your living demonstration last evening of the faith and love of which you told.

Most sincerely

Opal Ray.

Seven Gramercy Park
April sixteen
1935.

Woman's Branch
New York City Mission Society

Undenominational

ROOM 401, UNITED CHARITIES BUILDING
105 EAST 22ND STREET, NEW YORK
TELEPHONE, GRAMERCY 5-5906

CHRISTIAN WORKERS' HOME
and
GRAMERCY SCHOOL
(For Training Christian Leaders)
7 GRAMERCY PARK WEST
NEW YORK CITY
Telephone Gramercy 5-2484

April 16 - 1935.

My dear Mrs. Speer, -

I wanted so much to speak with you last evening after hearing your wonderful talk at 7 Gramercy, but a previous engagement called me out at the close of your address.

We all were inspired by you - and this morning one of the workers told me that a guest who has just been thro' many trials was able to say, with sincere feeling, "Mrs. Speer,

restored my faith tonight". I thought this one remark would repay you for the strain of the evening. We do thank you, and assure you that we came away strengthened.

Sincerely yours

Anna Wells Bigelow

(Mrs. Horace Bigelow).

Smith, Florence

Santiago, Sunday, Mar. 13th.

Dearest Emma:

A year ago yesterday Elliott & Holly were married - I am wondering how they have passed this winter in Edinburgh & how Mrs. Welles has liked it. Do tell me about them.

It is almost a month since I got a word off to you; I think my last was from Concepción. Well, the little house certainly looked good to me when I got back to Santiago on the 23rd of February. I had a wonderful nine days - splendid meetings in the provincial towns where we had churches and great enthusiasm among the women. In some places it would be an afternoon mtg. for women & girls only & in others a general mtg. in the evening; in one place I took the regular Sunday night service & as there was no free biograph in the Plaza that night as expected, the people crowded into the church & I had a fine opportunity. My object in all these meetings

they were to begin. It will not be a small thing if only a few women in each of the twenty churches from north to south really take it up, & we hope that it may lead eventually to an Evangelical Women's Association for all Chile. The studies are to come out in our paper once a month and I was able to get leaders, national & foreign, for all the groups. Such opportunities, Emma dear! I wouldn't change places with the Queen of Spain!

I was home but three days & then off again to Valpo. to help Mr. Elmore in the Normal, where I had a daily class in Tayot. It was an impossible undertaking to give even a resumé of his two books (both of which are in Spanish) in four talks, but I did the best I could with - "He can who wills" - "The Invisible Accountant" - "Knowing how to Work" - and "Health and Will-Power." Then I got in touch with the Women's Societies in the Valpo. district, and had three meetings.

I returned late Saturday night a week ago & have been in bed ever since with a bad carbuncle on the under side of my right leg. The Dr. cut it out on Wednesday & today I was up for a while, but it is just where the chair catches it, so sitting on it is not very comfortable as yet. I got frightfully tired on the southern trip because four nights I had very little sleep, thanks to bed-bugs! They poison me terribly. The next time I go I shall have a sleeping-bag made by sewing two sheets together, with a drawstring around the neck. Alice Turnbull put me on to that. She has been acting as courier for several parties of tourists this year to the south of Chile, Argentine &c. I have had a good doctor who has come every day. He has been so interested in what the women are

was to get the Women's Societies already organized to undertake a campaign for the benefit of the community. Up to the present these Societies have had a very limited sphere of action in each church - a sort of Chilean equivalent to a "Ladies Aid!". Hitherto they Chilean women have considered themselves too few and too humble to think they could undertake anything of real value. But at the Convention in January the time seemed to be ripe to interest them in something outside themselves, and so we have undertaken a concerted movement throughout the country to try to do something toward staying the frightful infant mortality. They are to study its causes & their remedy, & to spend most of the year on topics concerning baby welfare. The women in these Societies who have no children of their own are to bring all the young mothers they know & in one place the women are going out into the tenement houses. It was a perfect joy to see the way they responded to suggestions & how eager

planning to do & fairly danced when I told him about it. "Why can't these old nuns do something to help the country," he said, "instead of telling their beads & living off it"? He is an English-Chilean with no personal religious affinities, I think, but like so many of the modern men, "dead agin" the R.C. Church.

Selma has been taking care of me all week, and a dandy little nurse she is, so deft and quiet & orderly.

Tell Patty that I have the cutest fox terrier pup she ever saw. His mother was run over by an automobile, when he was barely twelve days old, so we have had to bring him up on a bottle. It's the greatest fun to see him take it. The kitten seems to think he is a queer sort of rat, & gives him a punch every now & then to see whether he is real.

Monday.

The M.D. has just been and put me back to bed!

This must go now to catch to-morrow's boat. By the time it reaches you, I shall be as lively as a cricket!

Much love to you all.

-T.E.

Most of the houses here are of one story, or if of two are divided into up-stairs & down stairs apartments. This one is only a year old, & is in very good condition, well papered. stained floors and electric lights.
The doors and windows are all of the French variety with tiny square panes

Dina del Mar, Jan. 9th.

Dearest Emma —

Here I am in the midst of Presbytery & New Era Convention — a perfect orgy of meetings — three per day sometimes — but it has all been very interesting and inspiring. About 75 people present — pastors, elders & delegates, quite a number of women among the latter. There has been great progress all along the line. The New Era campaign ~~in~~ favor of tithing has increased the contributions to self-support greatly, as will be seen in the total amount contributed in 1919 — 54,000 pesos; in 1921, ₱100,000. One pastor reported 91 members in his church & 94 tithers! And there is a wonderful spirit of

trustworthy & can be left in charge when I am off on trips. She will go at once to the house & keep it open while I am accumulating my things. In some few days I hope to be able to install myself there, but in the meantime I shall be at Mary Compton's. The day before I left Santiago I went to a sale at the big American Dept. Store & spent Jean Mackay's 25.00 in my kitchen outfit, & to a factory where I got a white iron bed & mattress for 13.50. I have my hair mattress - so already I have where to sleep & cooking utensils. As soon as the cook stove & the bath tub is installed I shall move in. Such good fortune all around, don't you think?

Later.

We have had a wonderful meeting - such a good spirit & such eagerness to learn. I wish you could have heard the discussion.

Much love from

F.E.

harmony and good fellowship, not only among Chileans but between these & the Americans. The old spirit of paternalism & patronage is slowly disappearing with the infusion of new young blood.

This afternoon we have our second Women's Mtg. and I am hoping it may be as great a success as the one last Friday, when some fifty women, old & young, came together to discuss Problems of the Home. They took part with a good deal of freedom, & the ideas expressed will be of great help to me in preparing my little book.

I shall be returning to Santiago Wednesday noon & then shall pitch in to the task of setting my house in order. I have my cook — a middle age christian woman, who is entirely

CASILLA 811
SANTIAGO, CHILE

December 20th.

Dearest Emma:

I am getting quite devoted to my Corona, and it does very nice work. After trying to run Mr. Seel's, mine seems perfect. I wonder why Mrs. Bulkley couldn't run it.

Well, I have been in Chile two weeks today and in Santiago a week, and begin to feel as if I had always been a "Santiaguina". Have spent most of the times with the Smiths, but went over to the Seels for the week-end, where we put in a good many hours of hard work on the program for the New Era Convention in Valparaiso, January 8-10th. I am to speak at one of the evening meetings on "New Opportunities for Women", and then there is to be a series of conferences for women around the central theme "Some Problems of the Christian Home" -- all but one of these will be taken by Chilean women, with an open discussion afterward.

I shall be spending Christmas with the Smiths at a house in the suburbs which they are going to have for the summer, and Mr. McLean and his children and Selma will be with us. On the 26th I am going to Mrs. Compton's (Mary Trumbull) to settle down for a month or so, until I find a house. When I go over to Valpo. for the Conference I shall be staying with Mrs. Trumbull.

I am so thrilled by the opportunities opening out before me, but I feel very inadequate. You will

our Escuela Popular, but has had to live outside the building, and has not had the care and supervision she should have had. I noticed the change in her the minute I saw her, and when as yet we knew nothing about her trouble, I sat up until 1:30 a.m. trying to make Miss Daniel see what a mistake it was to leave a girl like that so much on her own. But poor Miss Daniel has her hands so full trying to cope with a situation for which she isnot prepared, that she can only touch the high places. Isn't it a tragedy? Poor, poor Ida! My heart aches for all the thousands of girls in these cities, just emerging from the old regime, and as yet unprepared to defend themselves.

This morning I am going to the Embassy to inscribe myself, and this afternoon to police headquarters to get my carnet, and have my thumb-prints and picture taken. This is a new dodge down here.

Sunday we got a little bit of States mail, but I am looking eagerly forward to the next Grace boat, due on the 27th, in which I hope there may be a letter from you. My dear love to you all. This goes on a slow boat, and will not be in time for the January meeting. Shall try to have one there for the February one. Be sure you take on the Presidency of the Society without fail-- do it for my sake, Emma dear! Isn't that an egotistical request? Do send me Holly's address. I neglected to get it.

Ever your

F.E.A.

not forget to pray much for me, will you, Emma dear?

The first of February there is to be an eight days Conference of Christian Workers down at Angol, the big farm the Methodists have bought for an Agricultural School, and they have asked me to conduct a Bible Study period every day. As they are all missys. this is no slight undertaking. If I should go, I shall have an opportunity to stop off and see my dear Morrisons, and on the return trip shall probably visit the churches en route.

The first thing awaiting me is to write a book! A text-book for the course for women we wish to put on in all the churches on "The Christian Home". There is nothing available in Spanish. The Women's part of the Valpo. Conference is to prepare the ground, and I shall be sending out a questionaire to all our leaders so as to get suggestions for material.

Tonight I am to spend with Miss Stokely at the Y.W. She is so delighted over the idea of my having a house, and says she can get me some "hand-picked fruit" --choice girls -- to fill it. They say January is the month to find houses, so I am beginning to watch the ads.

It is such a joy to find Selma absolutely unchanged. I have said nothing to her as yet about coming to live with me, but I am almost sure she will. She has been studying hard all year, and has just taken her exams. in one of the Gov't schools, which will be of great help to her in getting a position. On the other hand, my other "daughter" -- the other girl in the group, about whom I had no fears, is in deep trouble -- lying at the point of death in one of the Hospitals in Valpo. with blood-poisoning as the result of malpractice. She has been teaching all year in

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December 28th.

Dearest Emma:

In about twenty minutes I am to go out househunting again with Mr. Seel, which is my principal occupation these days, but there is nothing in sight yet. I wrote you on the 14th, the day after I arrived in Santiago, and it seems scarcely possible that two weeks have fled on the wings of the wind. On the 22nd I sent back to you the two little trunks (hat trunk and tiny steamer) by Mr. Mallory, who started home on a Japanese ship via San Francisco. It is a long way around, but I knew of no one else going at all soon, and as he lives in northern New York, he will express them to you from there. Thanks ever so much for the loan of them.

I spent Christmas with the Smiths, with Mr. McLean and the children and one of the I.I, teachers as guests. We celebrated on Saturday, with a midday dinner, as everyone was going to be busy on Sunday, and after dinner we opened our parcels. All the dear little silver things and the lovely linens for my house were much admired and enjoyed, and Santa Claus added quite a number of other useful and pretty things from Chile, so that I was most bountifully remembered. I wish you could have seen little Arthur Smith's face when he opened the cornet! He is only eight, but he can blow it quite well, and Mrs. Dutton one of our younger missionaries who is quite a professional, is going to teach him to play it. The sweaters Miss Sadtler knitted for Emily and Inez Smith were exactly right, so they were a very happy lot.

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At 8:30 Christmas morning there was a gathering of the clams to sing Carols at the Y,W.C.A. so we were up right early. From there I went to one of the Spanish Sunday-schools, where I met Selma and took her home with me to spend the rest of the day and the night. We had our first real good uninterrupted visit. She is torn in twain between her desire to live with me, and the feeling that for her "career" it would be better to continue with the Cofre family, who are intimately related to the pedagogical forces of the government and cognizant of all those streams of influence. I think we have lost her for our evangelical schools, but she seems to have had a real intellectual awakening and to be keen on preparing herself adequately for a position in the government schools, which pay about three times the salaries we can offer, and in addition assure a pension after a certain period. I am glad to see her ambition aroused, and while I deplore her loss for our own schools, it is the price the Valparaiso people have to pay for their blunders during her trouble. She is absolutely unchanged, and there is a wide-open door to the Cofre family, which I am going to try to make the most of.

The day after Christmas I came over here to Mary Trumbull Compton's, and have settled down as well as may be until I get a house. The Trumbull traditions are more like our own than most one finds out here, so I feel very much at home. There are three dear little children -- Muriel, aged eight, John, aged six (the living image of his grandfather dear old Dr. John) and Alice, aged 18 months. Yes-

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terday afternoon I took the two eldest up town to spend some Christmas money and have ices, and it was a joy to see their nice little ways. They are to go to their granny in the country next week. Mary is not very well at present, so I am glad to be here.

Oh, these Santiago hours! Dinner at 8:30 and 8:45 everywhere. Commencement at Santiago College the other night (the big and fashionable Methodist School) began at 9:45. It was very splendid, with the American and English Ambassasdors in attendance, very fine music, gorgeous decorations, &c, and terminated at twelve midnight, after which there was a reception. The English Ambassador had to present a gold medal in the Domestic Science contest, and as he is a bachellor, his speech was most amusing. Mr. Collier, the American representative, is a delightful gentleman who has lived in Spain and speaks "pure Castillian". Last Saturday night he was presented with an honorary degree at the State University, where he made a speech which set the town ringing. Referring to the prevalent bureaucracy, and the great number crowding the professions without regard to individual ability, he said if an American young man should consult him as to the choice of a profession, there were four activities which he would recommend to his consideration as of prior importance to the law, viz: exterminating flies and rats, and building good roads and proper houses. As he said an "American" (oh wise and wily person!) no one could possibly take offense, but the leading daily here came out with a dandy editorial, to the effect that there was plenty of room for the exercise of these activities in Chile. Rather! The rats

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between the floors in the Smith house were like rampant colts all night. As the editorial remarked, they were so accustomed to fine speeches in the University which after all said nothing, that it was deliciously refreshing to hear a speech like Mr. Collier's. And it certainly is good to have an American representative who is neither a Mike Kelly nor a walking whisky barrel.

Tomorrow night all the Station is coming together for a social meeting at the Instituto Ingles, as a sort of "welcome home" to yours truly, which will probably be the last time we are all together until after the long vacation, as everyone is trying to get out of the city as soon as possible now. I have been very plessantly disappointed in the heat. It is hot at midday, but not the suffocating, unbearable sort we have in New York, and the nights and mornings are deliciously cool -- enough so for blankets and down quilts. So I think I shall manage all right.

NEW YEARS DAY.

The first note of the year goes to you, beloved, with all good wishes for a blessed year. The Santa Ana on the 28th brought me your two good letters of November 18th and December 1st, and how I did devour them! The Victoria goes tomorrow, so this must be mailed this p.m.

I HAVE MY HOUSE, and if it had been made to order it could not be better. How the Lord does provide! Mr. Seel and I found it at the end of a long hot morning, and the minute I set my eyes on it I knew it was mine, if I could persuade the owners of

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that fact. Our interview with the lady was most amusing, and we have a joke on Mr. Seel that the Station won't let him forget right away. First she asked if we were a "matrimonio" and when I explained that I was a single woman and that I expected to take two or three girls to live with me, she looked very suspicious indeed. Isn't it terrible to think that social conditions are such that every woman who can't exhibit a husband is an object of suspicion until she proves herself virtuous! Then she inquired what I was, and as to say missionary would be like shaking a red rag before the proverbial bull, I replied "a profesora". Then she wished to know what relation Mr. Seel was to me, if not my husband! Mr. Seel, who might easily be my son, began to stutter and stammer in the effort to say something which she would not misunderstand, and finally said we were "associates". He couldn't have said anything much worse, and I saw conviction settling down like a cloud on her face, when the happy thought struck me to say that the wife of the gentlemen was an intimate friend of mine, and he was only helping me find a house."Ah"! with great relief --"esta muy bien"! I recounted this in Station Meeting, and they all howled at poor Mr. Seel's expense.

Well, yesterday we clinched the bargain, the lady, who by the way is the wife of General Lopez of the Chilean Army, having concluded that I was respectable. On the back of this sheet I will draw you a plan of it. I cannot take more than three girls, but that will be enough for a while, and it is in such a nice location, half a square from the carline which goes to the centre of the city and will take me

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within a square of the office; and a square and a half from another line which takes you to the R.R.Station and two or three of our churches. The Avenida Espana is one of the nicest wide residential streets running from the Alameda to the Race Course, and we are only half a square off it on a side street, also very nice. The girls will be in walking distance from the Pedagogical School. One of the largest of the Parks is within four or five squares also. Of course I would rather have had it a little later, for I shall not be able to get settled in much before the middle of February, after I come back from Angol, but as it was just being vacated, I had to take it when I could get it. I think I have a found a maid, also -- a Christian woman whom I have known ever since I came to Chile, and who used to be Mrs. Boomer's cook. She is a dandy cook, and thoroughly reliable -- just the kind of a person I require, whom I could leave with perfect confidence when I have to be out of town. My heart is just bubbling over with thankfulness for all the Lord's goodness. In the two weeks between the end of Presbytery and my trip south I shall get as much of my furnishing together as possible and get my stuff up from Valparaiso, and Maria can go to live there at once and take care of things in my absence. I shall invite Selma to come and stay a month with me, before her classes begin, to help settle, and I am hoping much from that month of intimate association.

This afternoon there is a union communion service of our four Chilean churches, to celebrate the NewYear together. Isn't that a nice idea? I am writing Mrs. Putnam, Mrs. Scott and Mr. Bulkley by this steamer. With all my heart,

Your F.E.S.

GRACE LINE

ON BOARD S.S. Santa Rita

Dearest Emma—

Tomorrow the first lap of our journey ends at an early hour at Cristobal, and it will be nice to be off the Caribbean with its habitual corkscrew motion. This is a much smaller & less luxurious ship than the Santa Lucia, but it is clean and comfortable. I was somewhat appalled when I found there was a second person in my ~~stateroom~~ room — a little music hall dancer of the usual bleached blonde type, but she has been quite unobjectionable

until five o'clock, when she had to run for her train & then Ethel Williams came in from Maplewood & remained until the "all ashore" gong sounded. She is far from well, poor dear, & I certainly appreciated the effort she made. There were two lovely boxes of flowers - one from Mr. Nigel & one from a cousin of mine in R.I. - a long telegram from the Missy Society in Englewood, & good-by letters from Beth, Mr. Bulkley, Mrs. Elmer and Mrs. Lewell.

What a wonderful holiday it has been, Emma dear, and I owe it all to you. You know how tongue-tied I am when it comes to expressing my gratitude. Dr. Buberea once preached a wonderful sermon once on the man who was possessed of a dumb devil, & it certainly hit me hard! But you know all that I would say. It always seems such a marvel to me that notwithstanding our so different background & environment, our mental & spiritual development always seems to follow along the same road, & when we meet the years & the leagues that separate us are as if they were not. Please send my love to Mamie, Patty & Bill when you write. I was sorry not to see the latter. Best regards to Mr. Speer. I was sorry not to see either him or Dr. Mackay before I left. All my love.

Florence.

and leaves the boat tomorrow. When she casually remarked that she wished she were going to Santiago with me to live in the Foyer, I mentally ejaculated "The Lord forbid"! We are at the Doctor's table - He is a Duke University man with a cynical and unhappy face & a great antipathy to christianity, but with a great emptiness and hunger in his heart. Poor fellow! how one longs to get to the bottom of their unrest & to lead them out into the sunlight!

I am revelling in Berdyaev. How often he speaks of "the transfigured life".

Miss McFarland stayed with me

Mar 29th 22

Dear Miss Connell,

The Parish office has just telephoned me & they have gone too far with the plan to get it quietly suppressed now, so if you have any added names & suggest, will you send them?

Yours
EBB.

Mar. 25, 1922

Dear Miss Connell:

I am sending you a letter from Mr. David Porter with the copy of my reply and I will have sent from here to him the list of which I speak.

I didn't like to say outright what I know quite well that Mr. Speer would wish that I had been able gently and appreciatively to head off this kind of enterprise. If you are able to reinforce me through Mr. Porter's office I shall be glad.

It makes us feel as if the journey were indeed drawing to an end to have had the trunks come home, and if no further cables are received, I suppose we can take it for granted that the schedule will be carried out as planned.

Have you any suggestions about addresses later than Constantinople, and do you know what route they would be likely to take from there?

(Dr. Dodd has a upward look over the telephone?)

Affectionately yours,

Emma Bailey Speer.

Dictated Mar. 20th but I was away all of last week.

C O P Y

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March 25, 1922

Dear Mr. Porter:

It is indeed a kind and friendly thought to have these letters for Mr Speer at Silver Bay conference this year, I know he would appraiate them more than one could say and especially your care in collecting them.

He is so modest a person and so extremely humble about his work that my only fear is lest he should think the generosity of his friends might lead to too kindly an expression.

When he completed twenty-five years with the Presbyterian Board his friends there made such a collection of letters, that he might be a little hesitant to have the same ones asked to express themselves again. I will try to send you a list of those who wrote these letters that you may have it for reference.

His long journey into Persia will soon be over and unless there is some unexpected delay he hopes to be home by the end of April or the early part of May, in which case he would in al probability be able to be at Silver Bay, though, of course, the arrears of work at the Board and in the Federal Council will take a great deal of time.

It is perhaps the children and I, even more than Mr. Speer, who need the kindly things that his friends might say of his work. It is from knowing of the value of his service to the world that we get courage to release him for so many and such long continued absences.

With deep appreciation.

Yours most sincerely,

Campbell, Rev. James R.	Kingsley School, Essex Fell, N.J.
Brown, Rev. Arthur J.,D.D.	156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Baer, Mr. J. Willis	Pasadena, Calif, c/o Union National Bank.
Dodd, Dr. E. M.	156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Millikin, B. Carter,	" " " " "
Scott, Rev. George F.	" " " " "
Trull, Rev. George P.	" " " " "
White, Rev. Stanley White,D.D.	" " " " "
Wheeler Rev. W. R.	" " " " "
Schell, Rev. W. P.	" " " " "
James, Miss Jean E.	465 Main St.,Brockton, Mass.
Brodnax, Miss Corilla	25 Madison Avenue, New York City.
Scott, Mrs. George T.	Montclair(207 Inwood Avenue, UM) New Jersey.
Sailer, Dr. T. H. P. Sa	Englewood, N.J.
Speers, Rev. Thomas Guthrie	1st Presbyterian Church, New York City.
Edgar Rev. D. Brewer	14 Beacon Street, Boston,Mass.
Williams, Arthur B.,Jr.,	Y.M.C.A.,Cleveland,Ohio.
Vickrey, Mr. C. V.	151 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Bible, Rev. Frank W.	25 Madison Avenue, New York City.
Inman, Rev. S. G. Inman	" " " "
van der Veen,Miss Charlotte	1004 N. Chicago St.,Pontiac,Ill.
Shedd,Mrs. W. A.	1320 So. 57th Street,Phila.,Penna.
Hynes, Mr. Morris	150 Fifth Avenue,New York City.
Trumbull, Mr. Charles G.	1031 Walnut Street, Philadelphia,Pa.
Marquis,John A.,D.D.	156 Fifth Avenue, New York City
Howard, Mr. Philip	1031 Walnut St.,Philadelphia,Pa.
Williams, Rev. J. E.	156 Fifth Avenue, New York City.
Masters, Miss Sarah W.	Dobbs Ferry,N.Y.
Brockman, Mr. Fletcher S.	347 Madison Avenue,New York City.
Caskey, Mr. Herbert S.	156 Fifth Avenue,New York City.
Glenn, Mr. J. M.	105 East 22nd St.,New York City.
Barbour, Rev. Clarence S.	Rochester Theological Seminary,Rochester,N.Y.
Amerman, Mr. W. L.	95 Broad Street, New York City.
Innis, Mr. George	828 Land Title Bldg., Philadelphia,Penna.
Peirce, Mr. Harold S.	222 Drexel Bldg.,Philadelphia,Penna.
Scheuer, Mr. George	893 Manhattan Avenue,New York City.
Hall, Mr. W. Ralph	Witherspoon Bldg.,Philadelphia,Penna.
Harbison, Mr. William Albert	Farmers Bank Bldg.,Pittsburgh,Penna.
Foulkes, Rev. Wm. Hiram,D.D.	156 Fifth Avenue,New York City.
Follansbee, Mr. W.W.	c/o Follansbee Bros. Co.,Pittsburgh,Pa.
Barnes, Clifford S.	10 So. La Salle St.,Chicago,Ill.
McAlpin, Mr. Charles W.	McAlpin Hotel, New York City.
Barber, Mr. George	12 Inwood Place, Buffalo,N.Y.
Forsythe, Mr. Wm. Holmes	320 West Ohio Street, Chicago,Ill.
Brown, Dr. William Adams	Union Theological Seminary, New York City.
Irvine, Mr. William M.	Mercerberg Academy, Mercerburg, Pa.
Moody, Rev. Paul M.	Middlebury College, Middlebury,Vt.
Stokes, Rev. Anson Phelps	Yale University, New Haven,Conn.
Cooke, Miss Helen Temple	Wellesley College, Wellesley,Mass.
Wooley,Pres. Mary E. Woolley	Mt. Holyoke College, South Hadley,Mass.
St. John, George C.	The Choate School, Wallingford, Conn.
Abbott, Mr. M. A.	Lawrenceville,N.J.
Austin,Miss Winifred A	Ogontz School,Ogontz,Montgomery Co.,Pa.
McCracken. Pres. H. N.	Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

Craig House Coffin, Mrs. #5.
Garden Cottage, Beacon
Feb. 17, 1945

pm

80 CLAREMONT AVENUE

(Sat.)

My dear Robert -

I am here in Beacon with my sister in my mother's little cottage, where she is peacefully sleeping away her last hours of this life - She fell into a coma two days ago, and has not awakened, nor will she, the doctors say. We are very grateful for the comfort and easiness of these last hours for her.

Just before I left home yesterday I ordered a book of Double Acrostic puzzles sent to you - Another undermining of your discipline of life! However I really hope and believe you and Emma, or one of the other of you, may enjoy these amusing puzzles - Please try one before you

scorn it! It is a harvest of one's reading and acquired knowledge, and works out into rather a pleasant game with ones-self. I find it excellent if I want to get into a good condition for sleep at night. It does make one forget disturbing details!

Don't thank me for it, or feel you must tell me if you find it uninteresting - Henry has never condescended to it, but he does not enjoy puzzles, and I do. My father loved all such things, so I suppose it is an inherited trait with me. I am so glad to see the snow melting here, and trust you are also feeling freer from the elements. My love to you both. Dorothy Prentice Cox in

Some of the little collects in it are really lovely - I thought of you in this one -

"Look graciously upon us, O. Holy Spirit, and give us for our hallowing thoughts that pass into prayer, prayers that pass into love, and love that passeth into life with Thee, for ever." Amen -

I have seen Mrs. Lamont and Mrs. Morris and Mr. Bulkley and they all asked with so much love of you both - Also we have seen the Cushmans several times, and they too want to know "all about the dear Speers." I must go to lunch now - Our love to you both

Dorothy -

MRS. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN
80 CLAREMONT AVENUE
NEW YORK 27, NEW YORK

going first in a large family party of seven to see "I Remember Mama."

Henry and I, and Ruth, plan to be at the White Hart Inn from Friday the 29th, in the evening, until Monday. We hope to see you, perhaps at Church, but we will telephone you in any case, of course. I was so glad to have Ruth want to come to regatta with us, rather than accept her other invitations.

We have not seen "America Reasons" by Bonaro Overstreet. Thank you for thinking of it.

Have you and Robert ever come across "A Cambridge Bede Book" by Eric Milner-White, Dean of King's College?

Wednesday, Dec. 13 -

MRS. HENRY SLOANE COFFIN
80 CLAREMONT AVENUE
NEW YORK 27, NEW YORK

Dear Emma -

Your "Bulletin" filled us with great delight - I think the gains are really wonderfully quick.

We miss you "more than tongue can tell" as Henry's dear mother used to say. Just now we are in the Christmas current at full tide - The students had their party on Monday evening - Next Monday is our lovely candlelight carol service, in the chapel, the most beautiful service of the year - We, as usual, are

asking quite a number of friends to come in first for tea with us - Then on Thursday we have our Christmas party for the unmarried students, which probably will be for 70-80 men and girls - My mind is full of details as how to feed them all, in these superless days, but I have it planned, and the Refectory can let me have a little sugar for the tea. I hope Augusta will get here on the 21st. The Coffins come on the 23rd, so our house will be as full as it can be. Ned has four days leave and he and Augusta may have to melt away to Washington together Tuesday night. We are

Crowlwoods Farm (Shearman) Margaret "Daisy"
Thanksgiving 1944

Dearest Rob -

Thanksgiving - in anticipation of thy complete recovery -

And it is in my mind, that it will be with thee as it was with Alfred Carrel a few years ago after an operation - that thee will do some of the best work of thy life -

He did not begin writing till then - The germs of some of thy best may now be forming in thy brain - And my own hope is that thee

will repent the final decision - about an autobiography -

With much love to Thee

Darling

Margaret H. Shearman
5308 Knox St. Philadelphia 44, Pa.
10 Dec 44

Dear Rob.

I may amuse you to see some old 1890's pictures of Northfield – "when our hearts were young and gay" – and an account of the St Andrew's Club celebration of St Andrew's Day in Philadelphia.

The news of the progress in recovery is good news indeed – Don't return anything!

Lovingly Daisy

Private Mailing Card

PHILA. PA. DEC 9 1944 2-PM

Dr Robert E. Speer
Lakeville,
Conn.

POST CARD

PHILADELPHIA, PA. 8
MAR 24
1 - AM
1942

BUY
DEFENSE SAVINGS
BONDS AND STAMPS

UNITED STATES
1 CENT

Mr. Robert E. Greer
Lakeville,
Conn.

MERRIMADE LAWRENCE, MASS.

(Shearman) Margaret H.

5308 KNOX STREET • PHILADELPHIA • PENNSYLVANIA

23 March 42

Dear Rob.

How I wish I could have heard thy Scotch-Irish ancestors speech at the Ulster-Irish banquet - but the next best thing is to read it! Thank thee heartily for sending it - with the excellent photograph - it could not be better! Would that EBS were in it with thee, and that she could only "talk" as well as thee -

EBS writes thee is constantly at work - lecturing & preaching. It's good to hear and I am ashamed of my inactivity when my brothers - thee and EBS are doing so much to carry on. As I read thy Scotch-Irish speech I realized thee was having a good time making it. Had I recalled in hearing of all the 125 yo - What don't you two do spring from

Love Margaret H.S.

(Shearman) Margaret "Daisy"

as from 5308 KNOX STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

7 Sept. 43

Dear Rob –

A fellow septuagenarian greets the – What an ancient and honourable company it is! I am glad I now qualify.

How I hope that you will celebrate it with some good news – from Billy – or Pat (I suppose she is at sea) or some further word concerning Marie!

I have just read a review of Christopher Dawson's "Judgment and the Nations" which I hope to read soon – and want to lend thee and Emma, in

advance of my visit, near at hand –
So, please take her, I've ordered it to be
sent to myself in her care – and
when Either of you inclines to read it,
please open ~~the~~ package. It will probably
come from Shedand Yard. NY.

My very dear love to thee, dear dear
Rob –

Daisy –

Dr

5308 KNOX STREET
PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Dear Rob –

I am particularly happy to hear the kind of the Maker – Dorothy Sayers and C. S. Lewis are doing valiant service for the Church of God and its faith – Somehow I bracket them together as leading modern protagonists – to whom I owe so many one much – So I have much again to thank thee for.

I shall be thinking of you all together – Christmas Day –

wishing my real one of your
Rockledge company -

Someone has sent me a
Xmas-card of the little Boy Jesus
standing on the planet Earth -
poised in space - with His
hand uplifted in blessing -

With my dearest love to you
all -

Daisy -

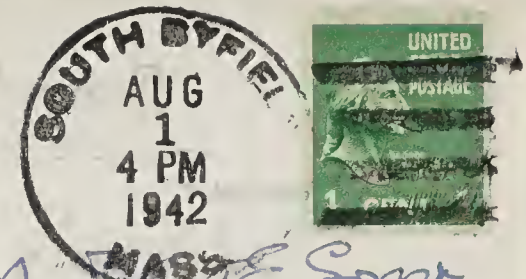
was a packed mass - hard to get a taxi - must find another way to go home. Love Kitty

1587 CHAPEL, ADELYNROOD, SOUTH BYFIELD, MASS.

Hope you were here - Happy to have Frank

Adelphwood 1 Aug 42

How Adolph Keller's face lighted up when I spoke of you both to him. He gave us a glorious message – "There is still a Xn Remnant in Germany (yes, we believe – not in the (Nazi) Theology of (German) victory & success, but we still believe in the Theology of the Cross." And Howard Robbins last evening was a great vision of the Church's United – one in suffering. I spent Thurs. night at Calvary House – glorious time with Sam Shoemaker et al. Had a seat on train but Boston



Mrs Noel E. Speer,

Lakeville,

Conn –

PALESTINE.—B. JERUSALEM

9. *The Dome of the Rock*

POST CARD

Another view of the wonderful mosque, this time from the south-west. The coloured marbles make it one of the loveliest buildings in the world. It stands on the site of the Jewish Temple, and the feet of Jesus trod the court.

THE ADDRESS TO BE WRITTEN ON THIS SIDE

Germantown 15 Nov 1944

Dear Rob -
Thee and Emma have seen this wonderful place - It was 1928, I think that you were there - soon after General Allenby's entrance on foot -
Daily now, I rejoice in the news from Emma & Lorrie & the progress - Much love - Daisy
I've been planting the last 7 my bulbs to-day!

Dr Robert E. Speer,
Room 346 "Harkness"
180 Fort Washington Ave
New York 32
N.Y.

Is these stamps valuable for someone, do I recall?

First Sunday in Advent
1944

Beloved -
What happiness to be addressing thee again at Rockledge -
I have felt so near to you this Advent Sunday - full of gratitude for Carrie's message yesterday afternoon after talking with thee - that the trip home has gone well - that Rob is in the little room down stairs - with all its warmth and comfort.
And thee - beloved - with all the help and comfort of being at home again - with Alice there for all meals - It is her joy, I know, now, to be able to stand

by in every way that there is needing her.

Bella is having an acute condition in a knee – Dr Lobster say her yesterday – no Friday – I had enough gas to take her – and she (Bella) has a heavy cold so she is at home all day to-day and will not come unless she is quite able to brave the smarting stinging freezing weather we too are having. Dr Lobster says it is from getting wet when a relative called her up to go & get her baby – (middle of the night – pouring rain –) while

She, the mother took an older child to the hospital who had swallowed a penny. Bella's in-law relatives are forever breaking in on her nights – they arrive at any time – wee small hours and she gets up – feeds them and they stay and took the rest of the night. She seldom says anything about it – but her sleep is very needful to her.

I have not heard again from Margaret as to how Alice is – but I called Norah – about our meeting on the train – Colonial – on the 19th – and she said – it was a condition of dizziness. I'd written to make sure I should go to

them for Xmas. Edith Duncan has asked me to Swatwater -

Mrs Ernocee is waiting to take this out to the pillar-box.

Elsa and Jim Adlebrook have been here for supper and are just gone at 9.45. They are dear people - and I thank God for having their friendship -

More dear love to Rob - and always I am at thy side -

MMS.

I can't send out cars to Hadgue, by Express - the nearest office is 12 miles or more away - and the most convenient one is in the town - 15 miles away in winter - where they do their marketing once a week or less -

27 Sept 44

Beloved

I'm just back after 5 hrs seeing little "Unseen" who, we now know is Robert E. St. and Bill - so brave and dear sight seeing and saying good-bye to Bill this morning - They told me he was having breakfast then and having on the plane at 5:00

I'm thinking I shall book
hour by hour — and if
they just back now at 7
from seeing him at once
again — Oh those Elpar
ations that have to be
for the duration.
Please be keeping us in thy
heart as we see Bp. McKy
next Wed. at 3. We have
dinner with Mrs Cook
at the Gramercy Park Hotel
Mon. Evening and Roger
together that Evening —

Have Prayer together 2-2.45
in the Chapel at Calvary Mes.
before going over to the Church Home at 3.
They have a room for me
at Calvary House - and I go
over at noon Mon. B.T.O.
Louise Holme guest has
asked me to be with her
at the opening dinner
of the new school Sat.
afternoon - I go there
Sat. morning - shall rest
in afternoon
and return early in the
evening - for I want to
have a day of quiet and

Prayer at St Margaret's House
(in St. Luke's Churchyard)
all day Sunday.
When I opened my box
yesterday, there was the
sweet colored red-sague
lovely with the safe green
drawing down. Thee had
already given me. My so
charmingly together. Bless thee
for it.
Rich Carnegie was just
coming away from Sarah
Betty and we met at the
glass window and looked
at the RES together — fine head.

blue eyes - and happily seemed to smile at us - I prognosticate a happy disposition.

The insurance agent conferred with me yesterday about the John Green coat. She says the value should ~~tata~~ be based on the present replacement cost - and though it should certainly be more than 8.00 - I do not put it at 10. I am wearing the new green one that I bought to Indianapolis - and its woolness is very

3) I count on this, about Oct 4th
was it? And I think I'll have
gas enough to come in &
see thee at the hospital if
Betty is there & not at BM.
She said she would be there
all of next week. Or if she is
at BM. I could go half way to
Harris' — perhaps all the way,
to see thee.

Alice vv Brown comes either
Oct 12-19 — or Nov. 3rd to 10th
unless thee is expecting me to return
with thee for a visit or so in Oct. Is thee?

Little RES Jr. only just
missed Sept. 10 — didn't to.

acceptible these cool days. 12

Beloved thee does do such precious things for my comfort and well being. I cannot think what life would be - did I not know thee is always there, loving and caring - while one would think that thee had all that my heart could hold in loving husband, children - grandchildren - brother - and all the dependencies.

My love is ever with thee

MHS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA. 8
JUL 20
12 30 AM
1945

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mrs R. E. Speer -

Lakeville,

Conn -

Thursday afternoon -

Had a good talk with Bernie last Evening relaying the message - It is a big temptation to plan to go up with them next week - (I forget when they return to BMC) But I'm sure I should feel further along in recuperation before I go East to Chas - Eg. much restricted in Eating - because twice I went back to normal when I seemed well - I'll go slow on physical Exertion for a while - Had a grand night last night & no pain until this late afternoon - the longest interval - and Dr Webster returns from vacation tomorrow - All my love MITS.

paid for the mistake

PHILADELPHIA, PA
JUL 21
12-PM
8
7945

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mr R. E. Speer
Lakeville,
Conn.

Saturday Evening -

That dear Probationer Prince Ethel Collins is here until Tues. Thousise Holcaquist comes then. Dr W. cannot get any kind of a nurse - and this place is best of any. My pride has gone down several pegs - and Dr W. has helped me already. So I can have time for important activities - and all there has written about the "firsts" - Bless you all you dear dear people. So glad Hal & Jo found a place at Rockport - wonder if it is Prince of Wales Hotel - the nearest place to Perkins in our book. Love & love - The phone is to notify

POST CARD

PHILADELPHIA PA
JUL 20
10-PM
1945
8

Mrs R. E. Speer,

Lakeville,

Conn.

MERRIMADE - LAWRENCE, MASS.

5308 KNOX STREET • PHILADELPHIA • PENNSYLVANIA

Am having a good rest in bed. Friday -
Dr W. came back to-day - says break any engagements I have - Perhaps in few days can go away -
Ethel Cadwalader comes this evening for a few days - a dear friend
and a practical nurse - No nurses to be had
otherwise - It was good to see Pt W. work in the
afternoon - If house H. is free I think I shall come
next week for a few days - Bella is a dear
So I'm well looked after - and I know there
is thinking centered toward me - So glad Bill
is nearly in Paris. I wish you had him out East -
Dearest love MHS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
JUL 16
12-PM
1945

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mrs R.E. Speer,
Lakeville,
Conn.

Monday – 16 July

The anniversary of the day when the Christian Church unanimously agreed to call Brother Francis a saint – and the radio says this is also the 150th anniversary of the removal of the national govt from NY to Phila – President Washington came to live in my ancestors home, the Morris House on Market St. and in summer, in Bussie Morris house on Germantown Ave – a stately, spacious house with a beautiful garden which I love to look in upon often as I go to church.

I had a dear visit with M. & A. – and they sent me back with a jar of Devonshire Cream! and 2 dozen of Shepley Farm 24 hr. Eggs! What a gift! They seemed so well and happy.

The two days at Haverford were a bit strenuous but I'm so well on the day-to-day that I'll be up to-morrow after a grand sleep last night. Reading the noble story of the church's resistance in the occupied countries – Look at the prayer, page 247 – in RES' 5 Minutes – for a prayer just now for Mr Truman in Potsdam.

All my love MTS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
JUL 24
12 30 AM
8
1945

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mrs R. E. Speer –
Lakeville,
Conn –

Monday -

Those two blessed children came down to see me yesterday afternoon! - such a joy - And Augusta said when Mr. goes to Lakeville - I'll come & take care of you at Bryn Mawr " Wasn't it dear - Mem? But I'm financially - from flat on the back yesterday to sit up straight to meals to-day - to-morrow in a chair twice - tried a little - Thursday goin a carr to Warminster - to Ethel Collenses - halfway to New Hope & next week to Louisa's I'd return probably about Aug 8-13 - After a few days or more at home I'd like to come to Rockledge if you have a family convenient for me to fit into - and if railway travel is then allowed by government & doctor - Once before Rockledge - and many times since & before - has put me back - and forward - on my way - Thinking of you each one MILS.

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mrs. R. E. Speer,
Lakeville,
Conn.

Thursday Evening -

Much more progress to-day but I'm not going to Mrs Collins to-morrow. Perhaps shall on Sat. if weather is cooler. If not I'll wait for Monday & go right to New Hope probably in my car, Jonie & Ewing coming down to drive us - That's enough of me.

I telephoned Marnie about 10 AM yesterday - No answer so I felt sure they had got off on Monday or made an early start yesterday. Good to think of you all together in Hodge & E. together, planning the new house. I get sea air. The British Election as Mr Swing interprets it seems to me right as far as it goes - 10 repudiation of Churchill the national leader, but of Churchill the Tory leader. Sir Rich. Ackland in XIX Century looked ahead. Expecting the labour victory but fearing it will be timid & not bold enough. The war seems on the edge of ending - God be thanked - My love MHS

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mr R. E. Speer,

Lakeville,

Conn.

Tuesday –

Louisa is here! And what a person she is – Love, Vitality – the light touch (just as Carrie had it) – a good story – the apt illustration! To see her come in the door – just at the time she had said she would! How good God is to make such people as Carrie & Louisa – my latest dear gifts –

How I wished I had them with me this morning when that wonderful Experience came to me again – when Fr. Lyall brought Himself for Very food – under my roof – the Blessed Sacrament! Has there a copy of your new 1940 Hymnal? I had see and a model of the by Louisa's hand – Please read pt 21 "Lock thy self in, my Soul with gladness" by Johann Franck 1649. Dear Robbin, your friend a large part in the making – Another good day! Come on – to be ready Friday or Sat. to go to Mrs Arthur Collins, Warminster, Bucks Co. Pa. All my love M. H. S.

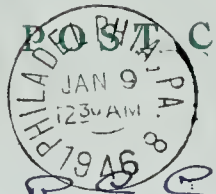
Chez Marie
Bastile Day 1945

Bloodie –
I've had a happy visit with Maud – looking over the Estate grounds, watching M. D. A. cutting the Cameron lawn – eating a delicious supper and now a pretty and delicious breakfast. Augusta goes in my car to the Farmers' Market – back to the school – and I'm my way homeward – wishing I could carry them with me –
Home – Sunday.
I'm so glad I had that happy little visit after two days at the Friends Service in Philadelphia & Int'l Relat'ns at Hartford. I walked up to that much of the 4 days it lasts. Miss Mae Howes – once a Negro Nat'l Bd. Sec. went with me – and we had a happy

Time roomed together. I have known her in the Oxford Group - where she found a new Xian life & release - from race feeling. Now I hope we shall keep in contact and friendship. She & her lovely sister will come to lunch Wed - & to our Torch Group meeting & discussing the Charter.

For a day or two I'm having a culmination bout with an intestinal dysenteric disturbance which has gone on - harmlessly shaking for a month - until it became acute & I reported to Dr Lobster - Amazingly recovered in two days - I was careless and got tired. So I'm a bit down - had Karline's doctor hair a rare Xian - in Dr Lobster's absence - this morning - for a very violent pain last night - She gave me - besides medicine & examination - this to meditate upon - the law of the Spirit of Life in Xjesus - has set me free from the law of sin & death. I'm resting in it - and the pain is all gone - and two or three days in bed feels good. Stood having the letter about the younger ones - and came down in my heart - don't regret the letters - tho hard it is. All my love RHS.

POST CARD



Mrs R. L. Speer –

Lakeville,

Conn.

Dear - one of the army Drill a fine letter from Pres. Truman, was here yesterday and returns Fri - off.

5308 KNOX STREET PHILADELPHIA 44 PENNSYLVANIA

Louise H. is here for 2 days.

8 Jan. 46 -

This is the 11th anniversary of Susie's entering upon the wondrous new life - Where are they our beloved fore-runners - Where do we so soon now, join them, on "new assignments"?

This is the prayer which God gave me for our SCIC meeting to-morrow. It was used at the London Yearly Meeting of Friends about 1905 by Rufus Jones' beloved friend & inspiration this year - who died a young man - John Wilhelm Rowntree -

"Thou, O Christ, Convince us by Thy Spirit; Thrill us with Thy Divine passion; Drive out our selfishness in Thy invading Love; Lay on us the burden of the world's suffering; Drive us forth with the apostolic fervour of the early Church! So only can our message be delivered - 'Speak to the children of Israel that they go forward.' It led to the spirit of new life & vigour of the next 2 or 3 decades in the Society of Friends - & greatly inspired Rufus' life. Please pray for our meeting & for me -

All my love & Susie's to you both. 1945 -

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
JUL 30
12:30 AM
1945

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mrs R. E. Speer,
Lakeville,
Conn.

So glad of my Times. Cotter

Friday

Yesterday was St Anne's Day — What the Church does to the mother of St Joachim!! Does Dee remember the body Giotto — under the Stair at Santa Croce — going down to the Spanish Chapel: — the Meeting of Sts Joachim & Anna — as guided by an angel after a separation — It was Ruskin who made many of us see it —

I rejoice that M & A. are with you — Am eager to hear all they saw at Dobbs. Did they & Alice go to P. for dental & doctor — a good report?

Louisa left this morning & Bella & I are rowing the boat. She seems well content — tho always our happy boat. She seems so glad to have Louisa here. She was again such a dear. Did all errands & marketing, stocking up for over Sun. with Bar & P. & sweetbreads & a squeak chicken! I am steady boiler & getting back strength. Reading P. Van Dusen's "Story of the Church" & "Grand Stories" Round Knox's new book on English travel — of N.E. Love & Hope

MAS.

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mrs R. E. Speer,

Lakeville,

Conn.

So glad of my Thurs. letter

Yesterday was St Anne's Day — Friday — What the Church does to that mother of to St Joachim! — Does thee remember the lovely Giotto — under the stairs at Santa Croce — coming down to the Spanish Chapel — the Meeting of Sts Joachim & Anna — as guided by an angel after a separation — It was Ruskin who made many of us see it —

I rejoice that MDA. are with you — Am eager to hear all thee saw at Bath. Did thee & Alice go to P. for dentist & doctor — a good report?

Louisa left this morning & Bella & I are rowing the boat. She seems well content — tho always very happy to have Louisa here. She was again such a dear. Did all errands & marketing, stocking us up for over Sun. with bacon &c. & sweetbreads & a special chicken! I am steadily baking & getting back strength. Reading P. Van Dusen's "Inn toward the Church" & "Grand Storm" & Knox's new book on English travel — With love & Love Cope

MDS.

Wednesday.

I'm reading the most wonderful story of the Power that is above every power — the story of Starr Daily — who climbed up out of the lowest pit by Light and Power and Love.

I'm better to-day again — pain last night not so long — It was good beyond telling to hear my voice last Evening & to hear a letter to-day from New Hope. Louise comes to-morrow for the night. Belle succeeded in getting more food this morning!

Love MTS.

PHILADELPHIA, PA.
AUG 2
12 30 AM
8
1945

THIS SIDE OF CARD IS FOR ADDRESS

Mrs R. E. Speer,
Lakeville,
Conn.

18 Jan 45
St Prisca's Day

Dearest

Instead of calling Carrie at 9.30 Jimmy Ashbrook called me and has been talking more than an hour - about the questioning that is going on in his mind as to whether he ought to remain in St Luke's parish - since he has discovered that he is a Protestant - and not at all a Catholic in his understanding of the Church. He wants to "have it out with" our rector - who, I think completely fails to understand Jimmy's longings to be a fisher of men and to get everyone at St Luke's alive and in action as he sees them at Calvary. If they lived in N.Y. his

place undoubtedly would be at Colony but perhaps it was the Lord who led them to St Luke's and perhaps that He is giving him the discipline of living and working in a totally different kind of parish. It may be that they ought to move to N.Y. and be at Colony - or that they should go to a very Proletarian parish here. I am only sure that they need the Holy Spirit's guidance at this stage of their life in His Church - and I long to see them where they surely ought to be. It all means that we need a great spiritual revival in every branch and sector of Christ's Church - and that each one of us has a responsibility to be available to God's leading and empowering for

that. Jimmy expects and longs for perfection — in his art — and in his church — and I think, expends too much of his vitality suffering over his disillusionments. When he does not find another Sam Shoemaker in his minister he is completely thrown out of his stride and is miserably unhappy.

And it comes home to me how inadequate I have been in trying to help him. I think he is taking the step he is at, at any given moment, as final and does not realize that there are depths beyond depths to be explored in our wondrous Christian faith — truths beyond truths to be apprehended. Who would have thought that a Heywood Broun when he became a Christian would be a Roman Catholic Christian? Perhaps the Holy Spirit may be leading me

going on - I thought it would be Benediction But it was a wedding in the North transept chapel - A very young priest was marrying - a Teacher man and very young girl in a soft blue dress - an army man beside the groom and a Wac beside the ~~groom~~ bride - I stood in the choir aisle with others on their way around - we were near enough to hear the service - in English - the vows, and the plighting of their troth with rings in the same words as the Episcopal service ~~but~~ but without "obey" - The two were so earnest and devout - and the young priest so personal and sincere - He addressed his special message to them at the close after shaking hands with them - And I wish all our weddings had this important part - This wedding seemed to me a very truly religious experience which made the right beginning for their married life.

The time there was a big light for my spirit and its fellowship with God and Rob - I felt the universality of our Faith - Protestant and Catholic - and in St Patrick's it was visibly real - Strength and peace are for all the Lord's disciples - His resources are infinite - and available - I realized it afresh.

Sunday 4.30

I was home by 8.45 - my train almost on time and soon in bed. Expecting to go to the

9 o'clock service I had told the car to come but the snow came — and I've stayed at home — with a long sleep — Now I am trying to be with the children these next days. Beloved — please eat full and regular meals — I was distressed to be the cause of this irregular and meagre lunch yesterday — Please resolve to take full nourishment — more than usual — as these would make others do — Extra milk & egg nogs — Surely they can be procured in that fully equipped restaurant.

Marnie is now on her train I am thinking. I wish I had spoken to her of this my concern — when we were talking this morning. It is blessedly good that she is there to-morrow. To be in touch with her when she returns — and each day —

The Carrells know what this means to me — and are thinking of you —

You are both in His love — and the tender hands will be guided — My constant love

MHS.

Bless thee for the telegram heart warming for Mae Hawes too.

4:30 PM, Wednesday

I've just sent that reluctant telegram - Dr Lockhart had just been here and said not to-morrow but feels sure we can plan for the first day next week that we can get reservations - The hotel agent seems interested & has put in the order - Mae Hawes plans to go with me.

It is a keen disappointment Beloved - not to be with you to-morrow - while Nannie is there and then when thee is alone - Could not Alice & John stay when Rob is away? It seems to me right that thee should not be alone.

It is only a small set back? pain since Sun. when I got a little tired, going down stairs. But it is not bad pain, not sharp - and not at night any more -

I'm living with Be still - And know - Responsible statesmen - Pres. Truman

and Mr Churchill seems awed with the terrible responsibility of having possession of atomic force. May God use it to bring us all to a profound realization of what it can mean – for good or ill – for peace or destruction.

I'm thankful that the Pope and ~~that~~ a group of British Church leaders spoke at once. Archbp. Temple would have too, as head of the World Council I think.

Dr Webster suggests my talking when I return from Rockledge with a personal friend who may be the one to fit into this home – a retired Dales woman at Wanamakers – living on a shoe string in a 4th floor bed-room – in Phila. I'm putting out various lines of inquiry – Dr W. says he'd gone on well.

Mrs Ernwell met with an eye injury – very painful but not serious says the oculist – So, taking her vacation, she has been most kind in marketing etc for us –

Lots dear love RHS.

St Ignatius Loyola Day -
Tuesday

Beloved -

I'm listening to a fine eulogy on Mr Churchill - by Edward R. Murrow - It does one's distressed heart good to hear it, when one feel so keenly the blow to him. Are you reading aloud - I wonder - and what? And are Marie and Ann still there? How I wish I could have been a 5th to your Gout so me - Louise said - on the phone yesterday that after your tree had been forwarded - It will gladden me to-morrow. Eileen Farrell is singing at this moment the Schubert Serenade - and in a moment I'll hear Lowell Thomas the news - Quinn, Hope is better but I missed him - & Raymond Swing - the best of all, I think, is on vacation - what of Michi Kawai - & Kagawa and thousands of faithful Xians - and

my Oxford Group - Methodist missionary teacher Betty Kilburn ~~these~~ two full days. She chose to remain and bear with her Japanese friends their iniquity as her own -

Pitiable old Pétain - Laval was his evil genius - but he made the choice - Have you seen P. van Dusen's "they Found the Church There" - our GI Joes in the Pacific. Grand stories.

Dr Lockhart's thought ~~on this~~ yesterday that my malady now is in the gall bladder is confirmed, I imagine, by the high colonic irrigation I had to-day by an Expert ~~woman~~ nurse whom I had once before several years ago. Dr W. left me in the hands of Karline's very able doctor until her return Friday. By then, by the way I'm feeling to-day, I think she will say - "Go off with a free mind to Red Hope." I'm feeling like another person, this evening. I know this week with M. & A. was tragedy

looked forward to - and I've
been praying that it would be
a perfect fellowship - mind
and spirit for each one of you.
How long it has been since
thee and I could talk all that
means so much to us in
their lives - and see the others.
When that meeting together again
comes I shall rejoice -

Loving thee deeply - beloved

Thy Nell.

Cauquenes, Sunday
Feb. 18, 1940.

MISS F. E. SMITH
CASILLA 811
SANTIAGO, CHILE

Dearest Emma:

I wish you were beside me this golden summer morning, in the shade of a nispero tree on the terrace high above the Cachopoal River which boils over the rocks at our feet. The view up the valley toward the high Andes is enchanting. I have come with Jane Piercy & Cora Smith (Escuela Popular, Valparaiso) to the Baths of Cauquenes about two hours south of Santiago for a two weeks holiday. I had decided not to leave Santiago this year, what with leaving the Foyer & moving &c, but my good Dr. Rodriguez laid down the law &

here I am.

Your little note, enclosed in one to Elisa Cortés, telling of Bill's engagement, was a joy. I am so glad your new daughter-to-be is so lovely. Given her Quaker & English ancestry, she seems to be indeed worthy to enter the Speer family & I trust she realizes what a very fortunate girl she is. And how happy you must be, Emma dear, to have Bill settled. I had begun to fear he would be a confirmed bachelor!

At last my little home is a reality — a dream come true, and I moved just before coming away, leaving the Foyer, with three girls, in charge of a trusted servant, and

once this year.

The Mission has made me a generous rent allowance, so I hope, with strict economy to make ends meet. We shall see. My retiring allowance will be a bit more than my reduced salary & I shall have the advantage of the current rate of exchange rather than the actual median rate, which will make things easier. I don't know why I bother you with all these details, except that I know you are interested. The Mission has assigned me literary work for the next six months. They want me to gather material for & edit a monthly sheet with news of the work (with title "Chili Sauce"!) to be sent to supporters, & if possible tracts for educated people. Of this latter job I am very dubious!

MISS F. E. SMITH
CASILLA 811
SANTIAGO, CHILE

My tranquil corner of the terrace has been invaded by a crowd of Chilean women, discussing babies & other interests, & a charming young thing has come for help in picking out a new pattern for a sweater, so if I break out in 3 purl, 7 knit &c you will understand.

Are you still touring the States with your good husband? It must be very hard work. It is difficult for me to get accustomed to my dragging feet, but poco á poco!

Dearest love to you all -

Florence.

I enclose a note for Bill - don't know his address.

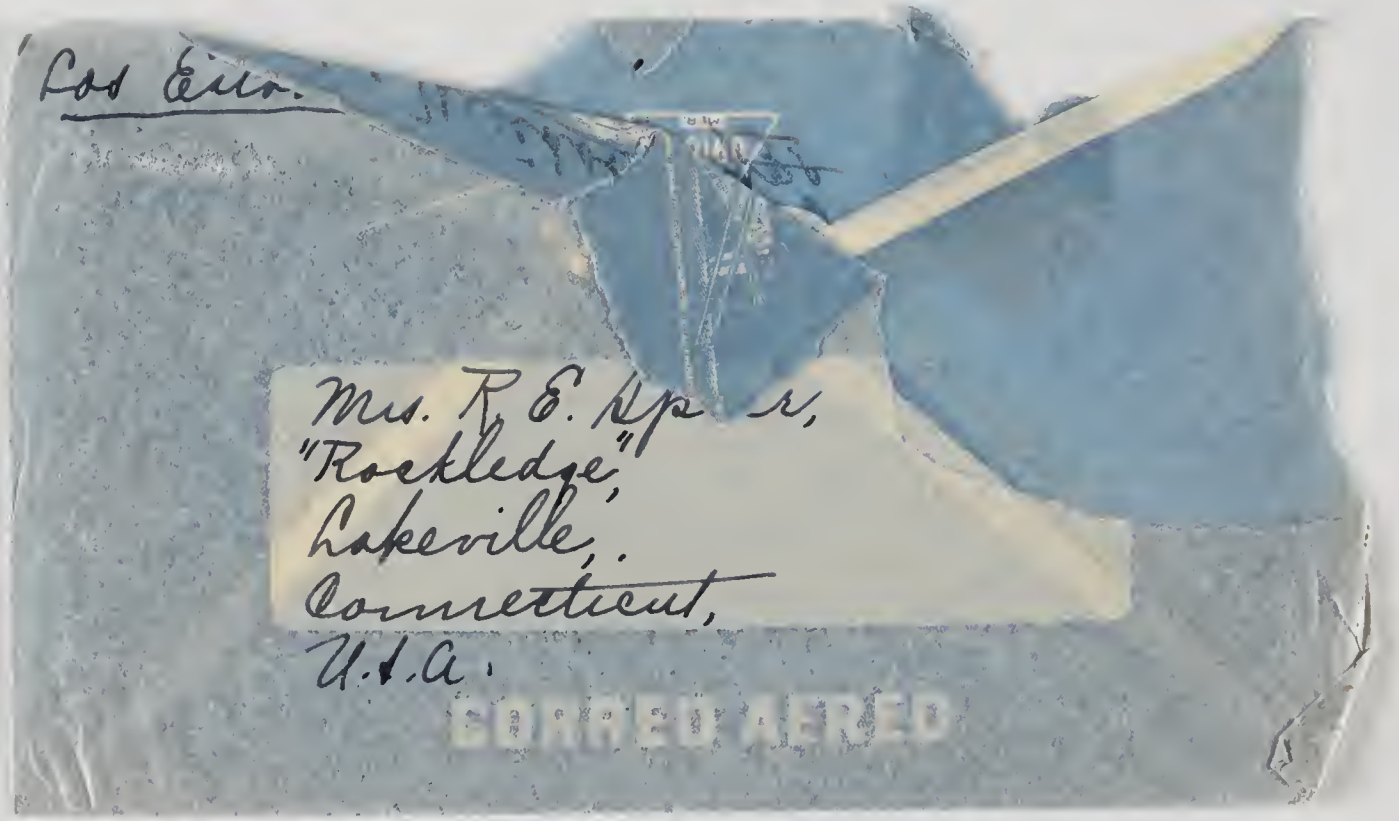
MISS F. E. SMITH
CASILLA 811
SANTIAGO, CHILE

Rosalva & Roberto in my new home. Truly, the Lord does provide! During Mission Meeting in January, a tiny new bungalow on a quiet little street at the rear of the Instituto Dugles was disoccupied, and I was able to get it for 750.— a month ($25) altho' others were after it, offering more. The owner is a modest little teacher in Irma Salas' Experimental School who built it for herself, & then had to rent it on account of economic conditions. It has a large living-room, two bed-rooms, a small hall & a bath, with kitchen & pantry & a tiny room for Roberto, who is now nearly fifteen & has never had a separate room before. I should have liked one more room — a guest-room, which might have been rented in emergency, but Rosalva will have to occupy the second bed-room next to mine, & on the other hand it is nice to have her so near. My own furniture

plus an extra chair & a sofa, bought at auction sales very cheaply, furnish it adequately, & we shall be as snug as the proverbial "bug in a rug", once we are settled. I came away while we were still copy-busy, as I must be back next week to receive & install the Henderson's in the Foyer & definitely give over. I do so hope they will fit.

Amey Elmore & Carl have arrived, I believe, & are busily "doing Chile" with the Rob Elmores & Betty & her husband before the L.I. classes open early in March. I shall be seeing them when I get back. It would be wonderful if the Lunch Club would continue their interest & their $250.00 donation to the Foyer, but if they shouldn't I think they will be able to increase prices sufficiently to carry on. I closed with a good bal-

F. Smith
Cas. 811,
Santiago,
Chile.


Cos Ello.
Mrs. R. E. Ap r,
"Rockledge",
Lakeville,
Connecticut,
U.S.A.
CORRECTIONED

CORREO AEREO

to remain on the farm during the winter, as he is in better health & happier there, but it means bringing buried alive for her. She will decide after they are installed there & let me know in time to look for another in February in case they decide to return. They have a darling little bungalow, with a bit of a garden, & central heating. It would be ideal, but I daren't let myself count on it. Rents are coming in Santiago & I may have to take in some girls after all, but I hope not! It would mean two maids & a continuation of the responsibility I should like to get away from. However, the Lord will provide, as He always has, just what is best.

I want for Fisher's "History of Europe" and am just revelling in it. Have you read Antoine Saint Exupéry's "Wind, Sand & Stars" & Pierre van Paassen's "The Days of our Years"? Aren't they wonderful? Mrs. Spring read them aloud to us. Poor Europe! Just now, we are in the news, with the "Deutschland" captured off our Coast, & the thrilling naval battle off Montevideo. I am knitting stockings for the British Society here, which is the very least one can do to help.

Dr. Rodriguez says I must get down to the coast but I don't quite see how. Mission Mtg & Retreat come soon, then Rosalia must have her holiday & I must hunt houses & maids. You wouldn't call my feet "dancing feet" any more — they are very slow & plodding. Today I managed to dress myself entirely for the first time. The Elmores are greatly excited over the arrival of the Carl Elmores in Feb. They won't see the Foyer under best conditions, as most of the girls are away during

the summer.

May you have a blessed holiday & be with Billy & Mrs. Spear & for you, dear self all my heart. Hope you will be able to read this. As ever, Florence

Sunday p.m.
October 23rd.

MISS F. E. SMITH
CASILLA 811
SANTIAGO, CHILE

Dearest Emma:

How I wish I might run in and sit by your fire and talk to you this afternoon instead of having recourse to a pen which seems to be increasingly difficult for me to wield. No I am not rheumatic nor stiff except in my will-power! I have thought of you so much since I read in the last Woman & Missions that Mamie had sailed. I know what a wrench it must have been for you to let her go into war conditions, but I am proud of her that she has refused to be deterred by offers however promising.

Wednesday last I had such a sur-

price — a visit[2] from little Mrs. Nelson of White Plains, N.Y. who was in our Mission Study Class in Englewood thirty-five years ago. Of course I didn't remember her, but I found her most attractive. She brought me word of you, which was best of all. She couldn't have a meal with us at the Foyer, as she was leaving next day for the East Coast.

I am so ashamed not to have answered on this your two dear letters — one written from Mobile in January & the other from Rockledge in March. How I revelled in the news of all the family! Now your summer is over & doubtless Patty & her bairns & Holly have all gone home, and the house seems empty and silent.

Here we are living on top of a

volcano, expecting an eruption
any minute, due to Presidential
elections, day after tomorrow,
the 25th. Feeling is running very
high, particularly since the disastrous
coup on Sept. 5th, which you will
have seen in the press. A German
nazi leader & the ubiquitous Ibañez
of unsavoury fame undertook to
doom the Moneda. There was a well-
developed plan for a 48-hour reign
of terror, of a deep red hue. Lights,
water & telephones all cut off, a general
massacre of political opponents &c.
But Alessandri, the "lion of Tarapacá"
was too much for them. I take off my
hat to him! They had counted on
carrying the army with them, but it
rallied to Alessandri's call, & put down
the rising with a stern hand, which
cost the lives of nearly 100 men, most

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CASILLA 811
SANTIAGO, CHILE

of them young and 25 of them University students, led astray by nazi propaganda. They took the University & held the Rector as a prisoner of war. They also took one of the Government Bldgs just in front of the Moneda, & then put up a white flag to decoy the soldiers; in the belief that they were surrendering, the soldiers entered the building, only to be ~~mat~~ mowed down by machine guns. Then Alessandri gave the order to clean them out! Of course the city seethed with horror - not at the uprising but at the energetic action of the Government! Unfortunately the two leaders (Ibanez & Gonzalez Von Marée) were not among those killed! They kept their own skins intact while urging on their subordinates. They are now in jail - one con-

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CASILLA 811
SANTIAGO, CHILE

demned to death and the other to exile (Ibañez) but they will both live to escape their sentence and be ready for another turn of the wheel. Ibañez indeed is one of the actual candidates for the Presidency. The Conservative candidate Gustavo Ross is a very fine man, an able financier, who would make a great President, but the Frente Popular are moving heaven & earth to defeat him & trouble is expected.

November 3rd.

Well, the election is over & the Frente Popular won by a narrow margin. But when the Committee meets on Nov. 24th, charged to examine the elections as to fraud &c. the Conservatives are sure that

they will be able to make out a case against them & that many results will be annulled. Quien sabe! If the Frente P. candidate Aguirre Cerda actually does take the reins, it means the repudiation of the foreign debt, & general chaos.

The Foyer has had a good year & a full house – good health, good spirit, and not too many problems outside of the perennial one with servants. Do you realize that I have just one year more in the Foyer's? I do not reach the retiring date until Sept. 25, 1940, but our contract expires Mar. 31, 1940, and anyway I couldn't close the house in the middle

of the year. I began some months ago to try to get the Mission through its Executive Committee to decide now whether they expected to continue it or not, and if so, under whose auspices. The idea of the University taking it over has entirely petered out for lack of a stable budget, and rather than see it degenerate into merely a cheap boarding-house I would close it up absolutely. I have not been able to get a decision out of the Executive Com. (the Chile Mission never decides anything until the 11th hour & 59th minute) and so must wait until Mission Mtg. in January. If the house is to continue, their repairs & replacements must be made

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CASILLA 811
SANTIAGO, CHILE

to keep it up. If not, then there is no point in spending money. If it is to be closed, ample notice must be given the girls. As yet, they have no idea that my time is drawing near — they seem to think I can go on forever. *

Of course the question that looms big in my mind is what I am to do after Sept. 25, 1940. My mind has been much relieved to find that the allowance for returning to the States can be held over until some later date, when one decides to go. I should like at least to long as I am able to remain in Chile. Finances would be much easier, even though I have to pay my own rent. Some little house with a tiny garden where I could have Rosalba

* I rather think the Mission will decide to continue.

to look after me, and help her to finish Roberto's education — and when I could raise Persian cats, fox terriers, hyacinths, verbenas & delphiniums to my heart's content, and incidentally be a little useful somewhere — isn't that an alluring prospect for old age? But it may be only a castle in Spain! which is a bad place for castles just now.

MISS F. E. SMITH
CASILLA 811
SANTIAGO, CHILE

I hope the terrible New England flood did not affect you. My cousin Mrs Chace has a cottage on the shores of Narragansett Bay & I am anxious about her. They live there all the year round.

I am to review Muriel Hunter's

autobiography for our Retreat next month, and I wish I knew more about her personally. What do you think of her? Mrs. Elmore heard her in the States & was much impressed, but I can't get entirely in sympathy with her through her book. She is too sentimental. How I should like to discuss it with you. I am now re-reading Canon Barnett to ~~get~~ compare Toynbee Hall with Kingsley Hall. I'm afraid I'm not a pacifist Emma. When there is a mad dog in your back yard (Japan in China, for instance) I don't believe in patting him on the head & saying 'go away, nice doggie'! And I must confess I have viewed Chamberlain's

performance with very mixed feelings. There was such a splendid article by Wickham Steed in one of the recent Contemporary Reviews — do you see it? — in which he said that if England & the States had united to call Japan's bluff away back when she first invaded Manchukuo (as the States proposed, but England refused) there would have been no Japan in China, no Italy in Ethiopia, no Franco in Spain, no Hitler in Austria, & no carving up of Czechoslovakia & no fighting either. The threat of a united England & U.S.A. would have been sufficient. But of course such regrets are futile.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen" I have been reading today Chamberlain's defense in Parliament yesterday & his proposal to recognize the Italian dominion in Ethiopia. Of course if we give the Dictators all they want, there will be no war. No! decidedly I am not a pacifist.

Miss Heloise Brainard has just been here & was to have come to speak to our girls, but she got mumps instead! I am hoping to get her when she returns from the south.

Well, dearest dear, it is time to call a halt. You will be saying "Thanks be, she doesn't write often"! I think of you all so often — now the autumn colors will be blazing on the hills.

Best regards to R.C.H. — and all my love for you.

CORREO AEREO Santiago, December 16th

Dearest Emma: The year draws toward its close & if you are to have any word from me for Christmas it must go tonight. It has been a queer year for me – four months in bed, without touching foot to floor & three more getting up for a short time each day & hobbling about. But now, at long last, I am getting somewhere near normal. You may imagine how delighted I was to get your splendid letter written on the Aquitania in June, & to hear of the whereabouts & doings of the family. A recent letter from Mrs. Sailer said you & Mr. Speer were going to be in Englewood for the anniversary of the Shakespeare Club on Dec. 9th, and I was thinking of you all on that day.

I went south last summer for my holiday as usual & had a good rest, riding horseback, &c but after getting back into harness all my "pep" seemed to evaporate. Then like a bolt from the blue my old enemy phlebitis sprang upon me & laid me low. I had phlebitis very badly after typhoid away back in the dark ages when I was living in Detroit before I ever thought of S.A. My tricky heart dated from that also. It seems almost impossible that it should have been latent all this time, but that is the Doctor's opinion. It came this time with heart complications also, so that many have said they didn't expect me to ever get over it. But I had a splendid Doctor: he came two & three times a day when necessary & my good Rosalia cared for me as well as any trained nurse. Everybody has been so kind & helpful.

Of course the immediate question was, what to

do with the Foyer. At first they were going to send me to the Hospital, but when Dr. Rodriguez saw what good care I was getting at home, he said I was better off in my own bed. At last the Mission decided to call Mrs. Spining from her work in Valparaiso to come to my assistance, & we have divided the work between us. I have kept the housekeeping & accounts & she has looked after the girls. It was difficult for her & has not been too easy for me, but we have managed to keep the peace (after a fashion!) and the year is nearly over. You know we never did get along very well together, but I felt that the Lord gave me this new chance to prove that His grace is sufficient.

You would think that lying in bed I could have written scores of letters, but it seemed to be the one thing I just couldn't make myself do. I have read much, knitted & played "Patience". I have thought many times that my work this year seems to have been to "let patience have its perfect work" — although it has been far from perfect.

Now I am counting the weeks until the Hendersons arrive to take charge after their furlough — about the 10th of March. I shall be househunting in February, unless Frances Edwards decides to let me have her. I am always with them in the summer on their farm in Rio Loa, but this year of course I cannot go. She thinks that perhaps she & her father (84 yrs. old) may decide

Casilla 811, Santiago,
November 3, 1943.

Dearest Emma:

I have just sent off a letter to Marnie at Río, where, according to our instructions, she should be arriving on the 14th. I know just how you are counting the days until December 2nd.

Your good long letter giving me a ll the family news came a long time ago and brought me much satisfaction. It is so good to know that you are all well and carrying on bravely and cheerfully under war conditions. My heart goes out to Constance in her long separation from her husband.

And now I have some surprising news for you. I am renewing my youth, or is it my second childhood? Since the 5th of March I have been putting in full time as Official Translator for the Embassy here! For a long time previous I had been getting hints and insinuations which I had disregarded, only saying that I'd be glad to translate for them if they'd send the stuff out to the house, not realizing of course that that would be impossible. But finally they sent me a S.O.S. -- they were desperate and if I'd only come they'd let me make my own terms. As I was still tied up as head of the sewing in the Women's War Relief Unit, I arranged to give them half time, 24 hours a week, which left me time to complete my term in the other activity. But as soon as I was free of that they came down on me for full time. To tell the truth I couldn't see myself keeping regular office hours from 9 a.m. to 6 or 7 p.m., particularly as I live at the back of beyond, but I said I'd make a trial, and if I couldn't stand up under it, I'd have to stop. Well, as I say, I have been going strong now for six months, 48 hours a week, and thriving on it! For one thing, the work is so fascinating that I' don't realize how tired I am until I stop. I do all the translating, from English to Spanish, and from Spanish to English -- confidential documents, dispatches, legal, political, agricultural, labor, metallurgical, &c, &c, besides reviewing books written in Spanish which may be interesting for the State Department.

Of course I couldn't pretend to do this were it not for my good Rosalva. I get out of bed and come to the office; leave the office and climb into bed, after an hour's trip more or less each way. She keeps my clothes in order, runs the house, does the buying, for me personally as well as for the house, and together we make my clothes, including coats. She sews very well; I send home for Vogue patterns and cut and fit them myself, and she does the rest. I always have dinner in bed, and often spend Sunday there also, so as to relax and rest, with a good book to read.

I was rather dubious about undertaking work here among so

many young things -- there are nearly 200 people in this Embassy, but everybody has been lovely to me, and the Chiefs are very appreciative of my work. My old speed on the typewriter seems to have come back mostly, and I am using one most of the day, translating directly on it.

Of course this is only a temporary arrangement -- perhaps for the duration, and perhaps for less. It depends on how long I am able to stand the pace -- I was 73 in September. But the extra money is very welcome, seeing that the pension has been cut and prices here in Chile have gone up by leaps and bounds. Rents are impossible. My little bungalow was 800 pesos a month when I took it, this year it is 850, and now when I renew the contract I shall probably have to pay at least 1200.

Mr. Elmore retired from the Instituto Inglés this year and became pastor of Union Church. This poor congregation --English-speaking -- had run down almost to the vanishing point, but Mr. Elmore has put it back on its feet, and is doing a really wonderful work. He has visited indefatigably and won people back who had sworn never to cross its threshhold again. He now has a full house every Sunday morning, and wonderful offerings. He preaches such genuinely helpful sermons, and Mr. Heath, Counsellor at the Embassy, paid him the compliment of saying that he was the best preacher he had ever heard. It has been quite a feat to get the Embassy people interested also.

I enjoy my garden very much even though I don't get to see it until nearly dark! Besides vegetables, I have lovely roses, verbenas, delphiniums, Easter lilies, and wonderful double petunias and heavenly blue morning glories, and a passion-vine which serves as a shade for a sunny window.

How I should love to be able to discuss the war and the post-war period with you! I do hope that President Roosevelt may keep in the saddle until we are out of the woods, in spite of the isolationists and enemies of the New Deal. But I mustn't touch on politics, or the censor will get me if I don't watch out!

After Harnie is home, and you have time, do drop me a line to tell me how she is, and how you all are, for that matter. Best love to you all, including R.E.S.

Ever yours, Florence.

I have just been reading Wilkie's book "One World". He seems to me very sentimental. The idea that oriental nations would clean themselves up if they only had the management of their own affairs, seems to me just nonsense. Without ouside stimulus they would stay in the mud just where they have always been, and in India, without the British, they would fight like Kilkenny cats. This brave new world they talk about, it seems to me needs first of all new hearts. Don't you think the Lord's coming must be very near? People who are tired of their own leadership and everybody's else would welcome the King of Kings, and when this war is over the highway around the world will surely have been opened up. I also enjoyed exceedingly Walter Lippmann's "Foreign Policy".

Bain

Please return to EBS

CORREO AEREO

Casilla 811, Santiago, July 10th.

Dearest Emma:

I am so anxious to hear about Patty and her family, and have wondered daily whether she and the children will have come over to Lakeville, or whether she will have sent you the kiddies. One's heart stands still to think what may be coming to England, but as Hitler didn't "hit" immediately after the French debacle, and from rumours down here that he wants peace, I am hoping against hope that he is not too sure of the success of his enterprise. I'll back England against the world!

It was good of you to take up my little matter with Helen Kittridge. The truth of the matter seems to be that the Board wishes to hinder missionaries from remaining on the field, but in cases where the Mission has requested it and the Board has approved it, it doesn't seem very logical to me. However, the blow has fallen! By last mail I received a letter from Mr. Steele giving a definite "No" to my request for the retirement allowance to be paid at current rate of exchange instead of the median rate. So that settles it, and to-day I am writing to the Montevista and Claremont Homes in Pasadena to know conditions of entrance there.

The only other alternatives to this would be to take a larger house and have paying guests -- run a boarding-house in other words -- but I must confess I don't feel up to it. Besides I haven't furniture except for the little house I have, and which has been such a joy. Or, go to live in one room in a boarding-house, and boarding-houses are forlorn places in Chile, without my good Rosalva to look after me in case of illness,

But beggars cannot be choosers, as the old saw has it. In these troublous times when so many people in Europe are homeless wanderers, one should be grateful for any kind of a roof and sufficient food to keep life in one's body until such time as He shall summon. I would that it might be soon!

Do drop me a line about Patty. This is the month of Bill's wedding, and I can imagine how busy and preoccupied you will have been with that. Blessings on him! Much love to all of you as always.

Ever yours

Florence.

CORREO AEREO

Dearest Emma:

I have had no news from or of you all since Beth Sailer visited you the last of August and wrote me about it. I had been longing to hear about Patty and I am so glad she and the kiddies managed to reach the States, although her husband's being in England must be a constant anxiety. Down here we follow the war anxiously. I have a radio and get the London news direct. The U.S.A. is so mortally slow in giving Britain the help she so sorely needs, and of course President Roosevelt has to measure his step by all the mugwumps in Congress -- the isolationists who are so bent on saving their own skins and purses that they can't see an inch from their collective nose. The news from Africa this week is joyful -- may it be the beginning of the end for Don Benito! And the plucky Greeks, true to their tradition!

We admire the efforts Roosevelt is making to win the cooperation of these Latin American Republics, but oh! I am so afraid he will get his fingers burnt. The Red Cross Congress has just closed and Dr. Long, who has had a long expereience with things Chilean, said that Chile was the worst of the lot: she would subscribe to anything and promise everything, and then calmly do nothing. Our Popular Front Government is a mess. President Aguirre Cerda is a well-meaning little man whose golden dream was to reach the Presidency, even while he was just a school-teacher, and he has reached it by fair means or foul (principally foul), and now they say he weeps, literally weeps and begs to be allowed to resign, and they won't let him. Poor thing, his hands are tied. He can only attend banquets and smile and smile and make speeches. His wife Doña Juana is head and shoulders taller, a very Amazon of a woman, and she goes everywhere with him -- gossip says, to keep him from drinking himself under the table at the banquets, and also because the little man has a roving eye! When one thinks of the political corruption which kept Gustavo Ross from being President --a man any country might be proud of!

Dr. Anderson was able to straighten out my financial difficulties. He suggested that I break loose from the Foreign Board, as they were making no supplementary grant toward my pension, and depend entirely on the Pension Board, who would send me my check direct, which I could negotiate at current rates, and the Foreign Board could not ptevent it. On the other hand, of course, if exchange should go the other way I would have no come-back. After discussing it with the Mission I decided to act on this plan, and am finding it very satisfactory. The Pension Board sends me out my monthly check by air-mail very promptly, and I am saved th necessity of giving up my little home and starting for Montevista Grove in Pasadena. It was a great weight off my mind, as you may imagine. If and when exchange goes against me, I can always go to the States.

My good Rosalva who has been with me for over fifteen years, is leaving me, and I feel as though my good right arm were being amputated! Her boy Roberto is 15 now and in order to finish educating him and clothe him she must seek a more gainful occupation. There is no reason why she should be a servant all her life, and I am trying to get her into the new Santa Maria Clinic (the last word in hospital service for Chile- as a nurse. Dr. Rodriguez saw her work when I was so ill last year, and he is recommending her. If she makes it, she will be earning 600.00 pesos a month instead of the 200.00 I pay her.

The little house is a joy. My garden is bright with roses, verbenas, sweet peas and petunias, and we have a few chickens to keep us in eggs. The Foyer is going on nicely under Mrs. Henderson's capable direction. I am so glad that the Friday Lunch Club is keeping up its contribution. Mrs. Henderson will be a far more satisfactory correspondent than I ever was, and so will be able to keep up their interest. Frances Edwards was with me from July to November (after her father died and her own house was rented), but now she has gone back to the farm, and I am alone. I expect to spend Christmas Day with the Elmores and Spinings at the former's house on the I.I. campus. They are good friends. May your own day be joyful, Emma dear, with all your dear ones around you, and the New Year be the best ever.

As always yours, Florencia.

Dec. 17, 1940.

Sunday May 18th 1941

Your air mail dated April 28th was received yesterday, and it seems well-nigh unbelievable that we can hear from each other within a week. The "melancholy days" have come, and I am writing by the fire, with a small fox terrier disporting himself with a bone on the rug before the blaze. This house has no fireplace, but a small salamander (French porcelain stove) fills the bill very well on cold days.

It seems strange to be able to draw a long breath now-a-days without thinking of five servants and forty girls and all their needs and demands. For the first time in many years I am aware of the changing seasons -- the falling leaves and the lovely smell of autumn, and the sunsets on San Ramón just behind the house are simply breath-taking.

I bless you for sending me the "Contemplation" -- it is meat and drink and I have read and re-read it and am trying to practise daily the "The Word of God in me is..." I am sending for the two other books you mention--"Meditation & Health" and "The Divine Law of Health". Just after I received the book the Station meeting at my house was due, and I led devotions from it, hoping that someone would be sufficiently interested to ask for the loan of it. But I must have failed to awaken their interest, for no one asked for it. I am going to lend it to Sr. Martinez -- I know he will appreciate it and profit by it. He has been made Student Pastor at the Instituto Inglés, and lives on the Campus, and also has charge of the little congregation which we inherited from Don Benjamín. This was a move in the right direction. Now that I am so near I am again playing for the morning service.

Thank you for telling me about Louise Dunlop -- I shall continue to hold her up before the Lord. I think I told you of the wonderful healing of Moisés Torregrosa, one of the Methodist pastors, some years ago. He had suffered for some years from what they called ulceration of the stomach, but when attending a Conference in the U.S. he was taken so very ill that he was taken to Chicago to be operated on. When they opened him up they found a terrible cancer in the advanced stage, and the doctors just sewed him up again without removing it, and sent him back to Chile (with a trained nurse) to die. All this time the entire Church in Chile was praying. He arrived, but not to die! He was entirely healed and has been going strong ever since. Give Mrs. Shacklock my remedy: "God knows; God cares; God can". Thank you for sending me the S.O.S. Indeed He is able.

I wish the Foreign Board would learn a few things from the Y.W.C.A. Shortly after I was settled in my little house I got an almost knock-out blow. I am not given to plunging in financial matters, and had repeatedly inquired as to the retiring allowance and the rate of exchange at which it would be paid. You see the Board, instead of sending out an individual check to each missionary, for him to turn into pesos as best he can, sends the money to the Treasurer, but he is not allowed to pay salaries at the current rate of exchange, but at what they call a "median rate". For instance if I receive an individual check at Christmas time I can cash it at the current rate -- say 30 to 1. But the Board will pay my salary only at 20 to 1. But I had been repeatedly informed by the Mission Treasurer and the President of the Mission that retirement allowances were paid at the current rate. As there is no rent allowance after retirement, this difference in exchange would make up for that, more or less. But after my contract was signed, Mr. Henderson returns from furlough with the news that retirement allowances must be paid at the median rate, which means that I will have no rent allowance and no difference in exchange to make up the difference. Well, it spelled disaster for me and for a couple of days I was greatly distressed. But then I fell back on the Word that has been my standby all these years and which has never failed me yet: "My God shall supply all your need". This house was so providentially found for me, without my seeking, that I couldn't help but feel that God meant me to have it, and I do believe He will provide some way to meet this emergency. The Mission at once rallied to my assistance and asked the Board to allow me the current rate. Of course I understand that the Board does this to safeguard itself in case exchange should go the other way, but I am told that at the present time Venezuela is the only country where the rate of exchange is unfavorable to the Board. If I were in the States after my retirement I would receive my monthly checks with no discounts so why should I be penalized [illegible]

living in Chile, when I have the Board's permission to remain on?

I have been entertaining groups of girls from the Foyer on Saturdays or Sundays, and have still one more group to invite. I can keep on indefinitely with the many friendships among girls who have left the Foyer and are now either married or in the professions. The Mission has given me some literary work to keep me out of mischief!

How is Mr. Speer's health? I was so distressed to hear that he had had a bad turn when speaking at Princeton. Last Elmira told me. Your home will be overflowing as usual this summer. Don't overdo it, dear. The news from Norway is pretty alarming. Why don't Chamberlain the grace to resign before he brings calamity on England? Devotedly from Fet.

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Sunday May 5th 1940

Dearest Emma:

Your Mother will be anything as usual this pay-day. Don't worry about it, dear. The cost of living is very, very expensive. Why don't Christ Church give the grace treasure before the Bryan's California or Douglas? Dearest love from Pat.

How is Mr. Speer's health? I was so distressed to hear that he has had a bad

...ivingin Chile, when I have the Board's permission to remain on?

I have been entertaining groups of girls from the Foyer on Saturdays or Sundays, and have still one more group to invite. I can keep on indefinitely with the many friendships among girls who have left the Foyer and are now either married or in the professions. The Mission has given me some literary work to keep me out of mischief! here in the city

Dearest Lou to you & Mr. Speer, & to Patty & Bill. So drop me a line to relieve my anxiety about Margaret. Love yours, Florence.

Santiago, December 18th, 1941.

Dearest Anna:

I just must get off a Christmas letter to you by Sunday's plane, altho' I am increasingly "do-less" about letters. I have just been re-reading your good letters, one written on one of your trips with Mr. Speer, and the last one early in September, from home, and realizing anew all your problems with such a big, big family. I am so happy that Patty and her brood can be with you, but I am very anxious about Margie now that the devil himself is doing his worst in the Pacific. I wonder if she has been evacuated, or whether she was on the 'President Harrison' captured by the Japs. Well, wherever she is, we know she cannot drift beyond His love and care. But I should so love to hear. Yesterday an English friend told me about her niece, an Oxford graduate who was sent out by the British Y.W.C.A. to an interior station of China, and who has just reached her station after five months of constant traveling -- the last bit in a cart with two Chinese men, on the Burmah road! They have had a cable announcing her safe arrival.

I have had nearly two peaceful and idle years in my little bungalow beside the Instituto Inglés, but my landlady has put the rent up 50%, which brings it entirely outside my budget. So now I am house-hunting, and must find something by the end of January. It will probably be necessary to go much further out of the city, as prices are simply soaring. Thus far exchange has been favorable for me to keep up a little house, with very little margin to be sure, but still making ends meet. No one knows what will happen to it now that the States is at war, but perhaps our "Good Neighbor" policy will keep up commercial interchange enough to maintain it more or less at its present level. If not, then it will be California and the Missionary Home for me.

My good Rosalva left me for six months the first of the year, having an idea she could better her position, but after making a trial of it she was glad to come back to me. I had found quite a good maid to take her place, but of course it was never the same, and we were both happy to be together again. She takes good care of me.

Curiously enough, my one nerve that doesn't seem to be worn out is that which uses a needle, so I have been sewing hard for the Red Cross, turning out six hospital shirts of flannel a week, and knitting socks. And of course I am reading everything I can lay hands on. I had to discontinue all my magazines, but I have a good radio and get the news through that and our Chilean paper "El Mercurio", which is very good. I am glad the U.S. is at last in the war, and that all the pussy-footing and isolationism of Lindburgh, Wheeler and the ilk, has at last been fused in a determined effort to rid the world of cave-man barbarity. It looks now as though the tide were beginning to turn, although Pearl Harbour was a disgrace. I often think the "great leap" must be very near -- one can almost hear the coming of His feet.

The future of the Foyer is now trembling in the balance. We operated for sixteen years with no difficulty about a "patente", or municipal permission, but Mr. Henderson, who is ultra-conscientious --(at least his conscience works differently from mine!) upon taking charge went to solicit permission, and then the trouble began. They are now demanding that cement staircases be put in, but the building is old and probably wouldn't stand up to them, and the owners are unwilling to go to such an enormous expense. So we don't know what the outcome may be. The character of the Foyer has changed a great deal. The I's are ultra-evangelistic and feel that if they are not preaching they are accomplishing nothing. So they inaugurated a Bible class, which is attended by only four or five girls, and which has of course at once divided the house into two camps. A married couple of course live more to themselves, and the cultured and lovely family atmosphere which was such a joy to me, has changed into that of a boarding-house. (All this is quite between ourselves!) I am so glad that Englewood keeps up its donation of $250. I would have felt dreadfully if it had closed two years ago, but now I am not sure.

Casilla 811, Santiago, December 8th, 1942.

Dearest Emma:

It is good to know that our love does not depend upon letters! But it would be good to have a word from you. Mr. Bulkley's Christmas letter, dated Oct. 19th, said that a letter had come through from Marnie via England, dated May last, and that there was some hope that she might come on the second trip of the Gripsholm. I do so long to hear that she is safely home once more. And there is so much I want to hear- how Pat and the children are and her husband -- is he still in England? And has Bill been affected by the draft? But I shall have to wait for the answers no doubt.

I can't even remember when I wrote you. This has been a very busy year for me, up to my ears in Red Cross work. They put me in charge of the sewing of the American War Relief Unit, and I spend two days a week, all day, at the Embassy, superintending a group of some sixty women; then bring garments home to make -- four pairs of pyjamas or surgeons' gowns, or hospital shirts, a week. I go to bed early and get up late on other days and so "keep the home fires burning". But having developed this working technique I really keep very well, considering my 72 years.

We had to leave our little home near the Instituto Inglés on account of rise in rent and came further out in Santiago's suburbs, nearer the mountains, where I found a snug little bungalow at my figure. Rosalva and her boy (now 17) are with me, and we have quite a plot of ground and raise some of our own vegetables -- at present we have peas, string beans, Italian squash, lettuce, spinach, and are looking forward to sweet corn. The garden is bright with petunias, sweet peas, snap dragons and delphiniums, but my two fox terriers do their best to keep them down!

I am a member of the very good British Library here, and have read some really worth-while books lately: "The Making of Tomorrow" (Raoul de Roussy de Sales) "Flight to Arras" (Antoine de Saint Exupéry) and now Louis Fischer's "Men and Politics".

"The Making of Tomorrow" is the theme which our Fortnightly Book Club is to study next year, but it is too big a task for mere humans. I cannot conveive of a "New Order" without a generation with new hearts. Suffering has smelted England into a united nation. Do you think there is hope of that goeal being achieved in the U.S.A.? A girl at the Embassy who has just arrived from Texas said last week that there is still a group of isolationists at home who would be glad to make a negociated peace with Hitler. Poor President Roosevelt certainly has my sympathy and prayers.

Here Chile is still sitting on the fence, although I fancy that lately she is finding it rather uncomfortable. Don Benjamin Subercaseaux has lately covered himself with glory, after a recent trip to B.A. and Rio where he got first-hand information, by writing fearless articles exposing spy activities and thereby causing the overthrow of ~~the~~ a pro-German Minister in the Government. Said Minister forthwith brought suit against B.S. but the Court exhonerated him.

Are you still keeping open house for fifteen or twenty people--refugees and others? How is Holly? My love to her and Pat, to all of you in fact. I get almost no letters from home, which is just retribution as I don't write any. But I keep up with things so far as the Radio and our good "Mercurio" help me to do so. Other newspapers and magazines had to be sacrificed when I reduced expenses to my pension.

Does Mr. Speer keep as busy as ever? Has he published that devotional book yet? Dearest love to you one and all, and send me a line when you can. As ever

Your devoted

F.E.A.

The Embassy, Santiago, December 13th.

Dearest Emma:

I have just finished translating and typing a 36-page document so feel that I am entitled to a little breathing-spell in the interim before the office closes at 6:30 -- so shall write you a wee Christmas note. I have just been re-reading your dear letter written on Palm Sunday, telling me as to the whereabouts of your scattered family. I am so eager to get news of Bill. I do hope that Bristol has not been reached by the V-bombs. As you see, I am still holding on. On March 10th I shall have been working here two years -- it scarcely seems possible. Altogether I have stood up under it very well. Even though I go home more dead than alive at night, my youth seems to be renewed like the eagle's by next morning. I think living out at the foot of the mountains where the air is so stimulating has something to do with it. I love the four blocks I have to walk to reach the bus in the early morning, with the birds singing and every tree and flower saying 'Glory'. This morning I began a series of treatments before office hours, given by a little chiropractor in the city who is really very good. She straps my back up with adhesive tape, and it is marvelous how she takes away the pain brought on by long days at the typewriter. Someone asked me the other day how long I was going to keep it up: I said "As long as the lamp holds out to burn, I guess". In truth, I feel that God provided this way for me to live on my little pension. The way prices are soaring I could not begin to meet expenses otherwise and have my little house and garden which are such a joy. Just now it is a blaze of color -- roses, delphiniums snap-dragons, double petunias, verbenas, sweet peas, nasturtiums and scarlet geraniums in great profusion against the walls. In a few days my lovely heavenly blue morning glories will be coming out. They are my birth flower.

How I wish we might have a chance to talk about the world and its problems. I was so delighted at President Roosevelt's re-election, and don't you just glory in Churchill! What it has meant to the world to have a man like him at the helm in Britain! Poor, poor China! I am so disgusted at the way TIME is playing up the gossip about the Chang Kai Cheks -- I don't believe a word of it. Almost everybody I know takes TIME and rails at me because I won't read it. It comes to the office, of course, and occasionally I dip into it, but it makes me so angry that I have to stop. This year I have been taking the Contemporary Review (British Edition) and although it has been late in coming and two numbers have been lost, I thoroughly enjoy it. Just now I am reading Grew's "Ten Years in Japan", but when I get home at night a mystery story (if it is a good one) is about all I can tackle.

The Robert Elmores are doing a splendid piece of work in Union Church, which was just about down and out when he took it. They expect to go home for a short furlough in March or April. Mary Brobst is putting the Y.W.C.A. on the map once more. It had been left to the management of ill-prepared nationals, and was about to breathe its last when she arrived. The Chilean churches are in an awful mess, which seems to get worse instead of better in spite of delegations from the Board. The trouble has always been an economic one in the forty years I have known it. Church members have never been able to understand self-support; they rail at the Mission and the Board because being Northamericans and therefore millionaires, they expect them to finance everything. And now Chile's very advanced social laws have come to complicate the problem. One group has taken forcible possession of one of the church buildings and is suing the Mission. I am glad I am out of it, but it wrings my heart. If I had had any influence I would have voted to withdraw every penny of financial help from the churches ten years ago, and letting them sink or swim as they could, putting the money into the institutions. Isn't that heresy?

It is time to go home, so good-by, dear. Much love to you all, and a happy Christmas, Ever your devoted F.E.T.

I just love R.E.S.'s "Five Minutes a Day", and am giving away twelve copies of it for Christmas. Such lovely bits of verse as he has gathered up. I wish somebody would make a collection of Christina Rossetti's prayers -- they are so beautiful. Oh, I must tell you that Sr. Subercaseaux has made quite a place for himself as a writer. He has a weekly article in "Zig-zag" and this week it is so good: "A Regime of Force and the Force of a Regime", in which he attacks mistaken views about the necessary weakness of democracy. He isn't afraid to speak out and usually to the point.

CORREO AEREO

Casilla 811, Santiago, March 16th.

Rec'd Lakeville Mar. 27 - 1945

Dearest Emma:

On Sunday Mr. McLean was out to lunch and he told me about Dr. Speer's serious operations. I was so distressed to hear about it, knowing full well what a time of stress it will have been for both of you. And then a day or two later I had a telephone call from young Bill from San Antonio, which just seemed too marvelous to be true. He said he feared he would not be able to get up to Santiago, but I have been waiting these last few days in the hopes that he might manage it. But no doubt by this time he is away off on the Pacific patrol once more. But he said he had seen you all about a month ago and that Mr. Speer was much better and had gone back to Lakeville, which relieved my mind, as you may imagine.

It would have been wonderful to have seen Bill in the flesh, but just to hear his strong young voice over the phone was great. I had been thinking of him as away off by the Philippines somewhere in the danger zone; these waters must seem unbelievably calm and tranquil after what he has been through. There are so many questions I should have liked to ask him!

I am so glad spring is on the way for Mr. Speer's convalescence. Lakeville is so lovely in the summer. Our summer is drawing to a close. I have not been out of Santiago, but had a few days holiday a few days before Christmas, and am due a couple of weeks in May. But I don't go away from home -- it is pleasure enough to stay quiet for a few days, and the best place for old ladies is home, I find. It is now two years since I began working at the Embassy. In January I had a fall on the way to the office and broke a rib, but the Doctor strapped me up and I lost no time from work. It is quite all right again now.

The Robert Elmores are going home on furlough on April 11th, and will be staying at Gramercy Park at least for a while. Mrs. Elmore has grown so deaf that she is going to make a great effort to find something in New York to help her. I think they plan to go to Chatauqua later. They have done a big work here in Union Church and I am so glad they will be returning to it.

Tell Mr. Speer that I am greatly enjoying his "Five Minutes a Day". I gave away a lot of copies for Christmas and everybody just loves it. I hope he will take plenty of time to get good and strong again, and not feel that he must continue to go "from Dan to Beersheba" before fall.

Dearest love to you both and to Marnie.

As ever yours,

Florence

THE SOUL REVISITING THE BODY ——

I think you will appreciate
the above and
Christmas greetings
for yourself and all your
family.
from
J. W. Ho.

Draft

ROCKLEDGE
LAKEVILLE CONNECTICUT

Dear Mrs Snow,

Mrs Macmillan is undoubtedly one of the ablest women that I know. The necessity for being near to her mother, over ninety, limits her locale in her work, so that something in the Boston region is almost a necessity for her.

I have known her well for somenineteen years, and intimately for the last six or seven, and the better I know her, the higher my opinion of her ability and spirit.

It has been her misfortune that she has twice, in late years, taken up work that seems to have been among the lost causes in these war years.

Her ide alism made them appeal to her, but even her experience and gifts for finance work have not been equal to the times.

She did what in my opinion, and that of others like Mrs James S.Cushman and Mrs Dwight Morrow, was an outstanding piece of promotional work for the United China Colleges, and the severance of this connection reflected not on Mrs Macmillan, but on the man in charge of the China Collegs office.

She is reserved and somewhat shy, and this may give an impression of aloofness, but is is part of her New England inheritance, and hardly to be called a fault. She is also a tremendously hard worker , and expects as high standards of others as she exacts of herself, but this, too, is not a fault.

Trusting that this may be what you want,

Iam

88 Mt. Vernon St.
Boston 8

Dear E. B. S. -

Word from mother is of rapidly failing strength. I am taking the night train to Whitefield - where the town address will reach me.

Love -

Eva

31 January

88 Mt. Vernon Street
Boston 8 Massachusetts

6 March 1945

Dear E.B.S. -

Lowering clouds and a low barometer are antipathetic to a worthy plane of thought and action. I frequently think of Vera Cushman's plea that we abandon a favorite rendevous for the ABCCC which had no windows. She pled for some of "God's sunlight" on the deliberations - i.e., the Parkside instead of the Prince George!

Did I write you about having some conversations with a Mr. Eugene Belisle, who is in Public Relations here in Boston? He is trying to persuade me to hang out my shingle as an independent public relations counsellor, feeling sure that I could weld together a program which would be permanently dependable. He is frank is saying that he wants to have me at hand to help him, and offers me considerable friendly assistance in getting connections - in the school and medical world - as well as in more general projects. He does not have enough assurance about his own income in the near future to tie me up with a commitment for full time with himself. For a fortnight I have been doing for him some rather interesting bits in his service to the group supporting the legislation for modernization of the Port of Boston. Now, the St. Lawrence Waterway supporters are being drawn into the picture (since the Port and the waterway are really one and the same problem of reviving commerce through Boston), - and a large forestry project is knocking at Mr. B's door. I believe the field is ripe, but it might take a three months' period to get to full earning level - even with Mr. Belisle's generosity in office space, telephone service, and introductions and part-time salary, - and I would have to be investing between $600 and $900 to make up my minimum budget during that period, in order to have free time for exploratory interviews - - and those dollars do not exist. I've come, however, to have enough faith in my Maker and Guide to be saved from serious rebellion in not being free to seize this really good opportunity.

The alternative is a place with the publications group of the Radiation Laboratory at M.I.T., a government project sitting at the crossroads of the development of radar. This is open to me up to next Monday, the 12th. It will be hard to go back to the dawn-till-dark hours of a government project, but my apartment is not too far from M.I.T. The real privation is not having time to keep up one's connections in looking to the future. For reasons of "security" of this secret research and production, one must stay within the walls throughout the laboratory hours, - no occasional absences. - - The project is supposed to keep going until the end of the war with Japan, but there is no assurance of anything except that one will have some warning of the termination of the work. They need the kind of help I ought to be able to give. - - The head of the publications group is a Wellesley graduate who has been teaching English, and the technical watch-dog for the publications is a member of the Smith College Department of Physics, on leave.

I take it for granted you are reading the Lattimore "Solution in Asia", clearly written, and probably having an unusual percentage of value. I am eager to match some of his statements — as, for instance, the several on regard to foreign exploitation, against an historical knowledge greater than mine. It is my present judgment that O.L. is just one of the experts he takes to task — one having the advantage of being born into a thoughtful British teacher's family in China. He has fun with words: "The Japanese landlord believes that the way to increase crops per acre is to increase acres per cropper" — — — the sacred nature of the Japanese Imperial person is Sacred Cow No. 1 — or the cow to end all cows."

E.

This week-end I was with mother from Sunday morning until Monday afternoon. She is somewhat better - stronger - though her dependence in moving about increases. - - I was busy every minute of our waking hours - giving a shampoo to the dear patient and getting caught up in other ways. - - The train trip is a good definition of punishment. The only trains are those which carry a heavy express, and it all has to be loaded piece by piece at every station in order that it may come out at the proper spots along the way. This week-end the coaches were some purchased by the Boston and Maine from the Pennsylvania Railroad, from old suburban lines. They arrived from the P.R.R. without platforms, which have been added by the B. and M., but comfortable angles to the seats and other pleasant features cannot be added as easily. The conductor told me that the better coaches have gone to carry the wounded from the ports to Devens, and from Devens elsewhere.

Love to you -

Eva

88 Mt. Vernon Street, Boston 8

27 February 1945

Dear E.B.S. -

Your kindness in forwarding to me the letter from Mei Yi-pao was expressed exactly at the right moment. I am to-day giving the brief luncheon talk at the Boston United China Relief headquarters, and am giving it on the theme of news from students in Free China. Mei Yi-pao's Lanchow experiences is something of a relief in comparison to the sternness of life on most of the campuses and in the war service of those who have left their books before finishing their courses.

Sent to me from Cal. by Huang Kwe-pau

If you receive the material sent out by the Foreign Division of the YW (as you must), you will have had the October report written by Lin Ying-yi, Girls' Work Secretary, recently returned to China. It fitted beautifully into my notes for to-day. She emphasizes a point which seems to me important - namely, that Chinese students manage to be individualists without being egocentric in a limiting way. In Miss Lin's report there is a paragraph on the questions middle school girls are asking about why they cannot study effectively, why they are moody, why they do not always get along with people. Not only are these questions the right kind to be asking, but Miss Lin shows splendid skill in her replies.

When these days of winter storm are over, our spring ought to burst with something of the energy of that season in North China. This morning we have had hail and rain, and now have clouds.

My plans are still in a fluid state of which F.D.R, would approve as the best preparation for meeting the future! I am still being strongly urged to remain in Boston as a special-services public relations counsel - urged by the Mr. Belisle who has a favored position to that kind of connection. I am at the moment helping him in his services to the group who are standing behind the Port Authority Bill, designed to prevent Boston from passing into innocuous desuetude rather immediately - since its port facilities are almost none in relation to post-war activity. Mr. Belisle also wants me to be avilable to help him in taking charge of the Massachusetts program for the National War Fund. This type of work is the behind-the-throne sort which is the sanest kind of public relations - takes the most gray matter and has the best results.

Love to you -

Eva

I shall travel to Whitefield this week-end for twenty-four hours with mother.

Marnia,
Glanis at Y
dactory.

88 MT. VERNON STREET
BOSTON 8, MASSACHUSETTS

1 January 1945

To
E. B. L.

Dear friends of ours:

It is the happiest possible use of the first day of 1945 to send you word of the Christmas days with mother in Whitefield, New Hampshire, fifteen miles from Mount Washington and twenty-one from the Profile. By good fortune I was able to have a room in a house just visible from mother's windows in the Hospital and only a half-block away. The fact that mealtimes took me down into the town for a bit of a walk was also good fortune.

The four days of my holiday were quietly spent, for the most part in mother's room, which has a pleasant southern exposure. Our one walk together was half the length of the hospital corridor. Mother longs to set foot out of doors; her spirit far outstrips bodily limitations and defies them bravely by rebelling against the loss of church services and the pleasures of calls in the homes of her friends.

There was a tiny Christmas tree in mother's room and her nearer neighbors were with one exception ambulatory and able to add to our quiet celebration. The nurses are daughters of that part of New Hampshire and brought echoes of their own family festivities.

The self-denials of the Christmas season were to me summed up in having missed a view of the

I am continually aware of what these days are bringing to you -- in thinking and doing for one to whom loss of complete independence is a new experience and a sore trial. Snugly snowbound, as you must be now, the cloistered convalescent will perhaps find his own fireside the very best place in the world. Snowflakes hurrying to earth hour after hour have a way of making time stand still.

Love to you -
Eva

higher peaks in their winter dress. A two-mile walk on the road toward Lancaster brings them into view, and I specially longed to take the walk on December 26th when the Christmas storm cleared away, the air was crystal clear, and the sky the deepest of blues. But the hours with mother were too precious to be cut short for this renewal of acquaintance with old friends of the Presidential and Franconia ranges.

The pleasant custom of Christmas carolling is not traditional in that part of New England, but is now being encouraged in the church groups. A junior choir from the Baptist Church, led by the pastor, walked singing through the hospital corridor on Christmas Eve, and on the following evening an adult group from the Adventist chapel sang just outside mother's window. We shall remember these singing voices in multiple beauty because we were not able to have the greater wealth of Christmas music to which one is almost callously accustomed in most spots of the world.

But mother and I agreed that there was a deeper reason for the special satisfactions this Christmas brought to us both. It was perhaps not as much of a surprise to me as it was to mother to find that a very different Christmas, outside of one's own home, can seem almost more precious than all those other Christmases in the midst of one's own family. It was an experience I had for many years in China and for one year in Paris. The explanation for the special blessing has been to me that the greater one's enjoyment of family fellowship has been, the keener is one's appreciation of the spirit of the celebration when one is without home and family and comes freshly face to face with the glories of its ageless message of joy and when one's ears are the more free to listen to the angel voices.

88 MT. VERNON STREET
BOSTON 8, MASSACHUSETTS

18 February 1945

Dear E.B.S. -

The day of your latest note, Ash Wednesday-Valentine's Day, was a banner day in my little drama, with several steps taken. This next week will make things a bit clearer, and I will give you any news worth recording.

Mother has so often shared with me her experience of the thing we call "death" in Grandmother's passing and her plea to her children not to hold her to the outworn frail body; mother would know that I would not do that. She also knows that I glory in the many triumphs of her living here,and that the companionship we have even now is vitally inspiring. - - When I was with her a fortnight ago we enjoyed several hours of reading and talking together. In the reading it is the spirit of the words rather than the words themselves which perhaps gets through to mother, but very often she interrupts to call attention to so fine a point that I am amazed and delighted. - - For the most part she is comfortable, and unhappy only because of limitations of strength.

What an Easter our friends in the Philippines will have! Some of those we thought more fortunate in being in Baguio all these months were down in the city, including the frail Sisters of St. Anne who had suffered so much from war experiences in China that they had been invalided to the Philippines for recuperation!

Yours -

Eva

Whitefield
New Hampshire

Dear E.B.S. —

Mother has revived considerably. The ups and downs result in net loss of strength, but the doctor finds mother still in remarkably good form. Barring accidents, he promises a good time ahead.

Crystal clear days and nights - a green and white landscape -- silence so perfect that one's hearing around the world and

beyond the world is sharpened and held keen.

I expect to return to Boston to-morrow, and hope to have a good word from you soon - including all your loved ones.

Eva

88 MT. VERNON STREET
BOSTON 8, MASSACHUSETTS

22 January 1945

Dear E.B.S. -

What wonderful news about R.E.S.! I rejoice with you that the battle is over, and the future looks so bright.

In another setting a conflict is over in my little world, for this task for the Boston Center for Adult Education has folded up - for lack of nourishment. It is a situation very different from what I thought it was - on good authority, when I made the move. The budget of the Center needs very vital help, - and increasingly must have it. But there are obstacles of which I did not dream, - and on which I could have become intelligent only if I had consulted the public relations firms who have in the past tried to render aid. This I did not do, for I trusted the members of the board whom I met, and thought the obvious facts were enough to give me justification for taking the work. After four months of setting the thing up, it is clear that it cannot carry on long enough to bear fruit. - - - I do not mean that the Center will cease to function, for it will not, but the Director is revamping her whole staff to cut every corner and is taking back the public relations responsibilities on her own shoulders. The debt is staggering, but could be wiped out if there were community conviction and support in the very places where it is lacking. - - - I shall be needing to keep my poise, of course, for any change is upsetting when one's responsibilities are so undeviating as mine are, - but I do believe that there is enough work to be done so that I need not be really anxious.

Much love -

Era

88 MT. VERNON STREET
BOSTON 8, MASSACHUSETTS

8 April 1945

Dear FBS -

I am sorry about the k.p. It does take so much time - and I have always felt that a heavy burden of housework means time for thought which it is hard to turn to good purpose. Perhaps if one were in a contemplative order and had kitchen duties, one might learn to make the hours profitable - - but my experience is of distraction by the business in hand to the exclusion of worthwhile meditation. - - One can enjoy housework and still begrudge the time it takes.

Your letter of March 29th and the note of April 5th have helped me very much. It was hard to give you anything of the story of the Adult Education experience without writing more than you could read. I did not make clear, for instance, that the Mr. Swaim who was with the Executive group I met on January 22nd is a lawyer. In the few words which were spoken were included a question from me to him, saying "Does the Center's legal adviser say that this step can be taken?" He gave merely a monosyllabic affirmative. He is one of those grumpy Bostonians who thinks that one should be rude in order to qualify socially. Mr. Raynor Gardiner does not think highly of him, and said one must remember that many lawyers if opposing a citizen of entirely reputable character would draw up elaborate proof of his being intoxicated and beating his wife with daily regularity.

I have done nothing about sending a communication to the Board, but shall probably do it some time - following your suggestion about deleting the last paragraph. It should take a high plane and keep it - with clarity. - - Miss Hewitt's thinking represents the Stygian darkness of continual conflict - - and she believes that is the only way to spend one's days.

Does k.p. swallow up reading time? I'm keen to know what you think about the Robert Frost performance on Job. You have probably seen numerous reviews, including the one which commented on the inconsistency between the thesis of the poem and Mr. Frost's terror during the pneumonia through which he passed while the poem was in press - - fearing that God was taking him off as punishment for his irreverance. In to-day's Sunday Times J. Donald Adams comments on it. (As I remember your relation to the Times it does not include the Sunday issue.) - - - I've had the poem in my hands for a few moments only. The writing has vigor and the setting is vividly realistic, of course.

You were very good to send me the "Marion" letter from Chengtu (YW). We have heard something of the same facts from others, but she writes very well. - - I did a China Relief luncheon talk here in late February and had the advantage of gathering information from a dozen sources with considerable advantage to myself - - like cramming for an examination.

Another pleasure I've had recently was of giving two evenings on "A Home in Peking". I did it first at the Women's City Club at the request of a neighbor who is on that committee - - the committee for the Sunday evening talks. Then this week Friday I repeated it - with considerable change - for the Boston China group - the informal group of former China residents. I've had slides made from my photographs of my Peking homes and Tan Che Ssu and street and country scenes - - to make it a story of the intimate things which make up the days and the holidays. For this second showing it could be more personal, and we all had a beautifully nostalgic hour. - - The group meets in a hall built by the Chinese merchants - - and the attendance ranges from fifty to three times that. The audience this week was the largest I've seen.

Love and thanks —

Eva

Isn't it splendid that Wu Yi-fang is to be a delegate at the San Francisco Conference?

88 MT. VERNON STREET
BOSTON 8, MASSACHUSETTS

So glad to have your word of Dr. Shaw's steady gain. Love — Eva

Dear E. B. S. —

The wind is cuttingly cold to-day across our Gardens and Common. It can be the same — or more so — in your part of New York. I hope you have just the clothing you need.

Yesterday I became

a bit better acquainted with the Chinatown situation have in course of planning for more service of our Center to that part of the Community. The situation includes the housing of hundreds of gambling rooms in property controlled by the Chinese Merchants Association, and the paying of large amounts

of money to the police as protection from arrest. The Chinese secretary of the Chinese "Y" - a fine chap - believes the centers of amusement and recreation for hundreds of laundry-men which these rooms represent should not be disturbed until there are other facilities. All those men "on the loose" over

Sunday could make a great deal of trouble. It is our belief that the present good Chief of Police knows all about it (though he would not be sharing in the bribery) and would says just what the "Y" man does. The discredit is Boston's. Just one spot of many. Nothing set up to help — not our Center or anything else.

March 16, 1943.

ONE LEXINGTON AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

My dear dear Emma—

Your sweet letter warmed my heart and "set me up" no end, though I knew quite well that you are much too generous in what you say. I cannot tell you how much I enjoyed our happy visit together. I needed not say that I am often very lonely, and it was so sweet to talk over the past and so much that we have in common with

a dear friend of theirs
many years as you are —
I felt surprised that I
couldn't share you more
— and you must come again —
for Mrs Baker (when Mr.
Buckeley had told you
were in town) calling up
to see if you were still
here, — and so did
Helen Kittredge. Your
lost of friends miss you
here, and they'd all
like to get a glimpse
of your dear face and
hear the sound of your

once when you are in town.
When I'm back from Atlanta,
and spring has come, I'm
must make another visit
to Newfoundland. We are
to have an open meeting
of the Foreign Division
on the afternoon of May 11th —
I'm sorry you can't come to
that and stay with me.
I can't bear to think of
Polly and the children
leaving you, but it
isn't strange her husband
wants them to come
as soon as they can.

How lucky you've been
to have them, and they
to have had their years
of companionship with
you! The children will
hear your impress all their
lives — See the real
you who have been fortunate
enough to know and
love you can never say
how much you have
helped and inspired
us — I am always

Your devoted friend
Martha T —

April 27, 1943

ONE LEXINGTON AVENUE
NEW YORK CITY

Dearest Emma -

I have told the nominating committee that Margaret is my candidate for Civil Secy and have written to them about her. I have said that I feel she is a woman who would be the peer of Mabel Crosby when she has had her experience, and that I could pay her no higher tribute.

I have of course told them that I don't know that she would consider leaving China (after a furlough and

if there was opportunity to go back.) So there is slight possibility of getting a cable to her through the State Dept or Red Cross. I fear not. But I've also said she is worth waiting for and particularly since Mrs Hoth need not resign at the end of her term. I hear that Prof. Hocking at Harvard has gone on 4 years after his retirement, because they couldn't find a successor.

I have told them that she is a graduate of Bryn Mawr, M. A. from Columbia, has

been at Yenching since 1925, first a professor of English and for ten (?) years Dean of the Women's college. I've met them of beauty, of her forceful speaking ability, of her intellectual and administrative powers.

I want you to write to them or to me in connection of any dates I've given, and as to your opinion about whether the world consider the job.

Somehow I feel if we are to go on as the movement

we're worked for and lived
and which is needed
now as never before, we
must have such a woman
as Margaret to lead us —
and there are not many!
Don't be too modest, &
write me anything I should
know.

Sincerely yours
Marlen T.

Sunday afternoon

Muddie dear,

Everday now I look at Murmugoa and say to myself, " Now the Teia Maru is nearing tha port, nearer, near.....Now it is there..Now the Gripsholm is there too and now those Japanese prisoners, now Marnie herself, is changing over from the Japanese ship to the American ship..and soon she will be sailing away from Goa, nearly half way home". It is wonderful to think hese things. I only wish that all other Japanese prisoners were returning hometoo ...and that I could know that Patty and Elsbeth and their young ones are returning home too to England by this time from Lisbon. They reached Lisbon a an exciting time, didn't they ?

I an sure you called me while you were here, but never was I here at the right time to hear your voice, which was a pity.I am glad you could come down, you and Wobby, to see Billy. Has he gone off, again, I wonder, on his armed guard duty. I watch each ship as it passes my window and wonder if he is on board. I would be glad to send him a Christmas gretting if I knew his address.

Some day I am going upto see you in your autumn hills. Have you chrysanthemums blooming there yet ? I had a letter from Ithaca today that told of strawberries still growing in the garden. Here in New York we have no such miracles, but today we have fine sunshine and a clean great wind. I hope the wind does not mean that the hurricane is so close to this continent that New England or my beloved Cape Breton will be caught.

Much love to you and to Mr. Speer. Write me a note again when you can, and do come again to town - even before Marnie comes.

Lovingly,

C.H.

THE CANADIAN SCHOOL OF MISSIONS

97 ST. GEORGE STREET
TORONTO - CANADA

April 8th,1943.

Dear Mrs. Speer,

Robert has been with us now for two full days. He has been inspiring and refreshing our spirits, while enriching and stimulating our minds; and as the time goes dashing by until Saturday noon I am sure he will go on putting us under a deeper and deeper obligation.

I have been conscious repeatedly that we are also indebted to you. He has been away from you through most of the winter and to have him agree to cut a week out of a precious brief interlude that had been reserved for a respite in his home must have involved a real disappointment for you. From my knowledge of you, however, I am sure you would not try to restrain him but would send him off with a cheer, content to forget your reasonable claims in the knowledge that he was going on what he believed to be his Lord's errand in Toronto.

Believe me when I say that we deeply appreciate your unselfishness. I wish I could tell you what it is meaning to this group of Canadian missionaries and candidates, numbering several scores, not only to hear his messages but even more to have the touch of his personality upon their lives. To me personally it is a priceless privilege to have this close sustained contact with him. He has had my unbounded admiration and love for nearly two score years, he has given me more spiritual stimulus than has reached me through any other man save my own father and he has made me proud by regarding me as his friend. So you can imagine what this present association is meaning to me. Mrs. Murray, of course, shares in the warmth of this feeling.

I cannot very well blab all this to Robert, but it is a sort of release to say it to you. The enclosed folder will let you know the sort of imbroglio we have dragged him into. Ella and I wish most heartily that you could have been with him.

Affectionately yours,

J. Lovell Murray

J. Lovell Murray,

Mrs. Robert Speer,
Rockledge, Lakeville,
Connecticut,U.S.A.

P.S.- I am enclosing also a copy of a poem written by a worker in India who tried to express how Canadian missionaries feel towards the School. It is of cours a bit idealistic, but it suggests the spirit which we are ambitious to have prevail in the institution.

J.L.M.